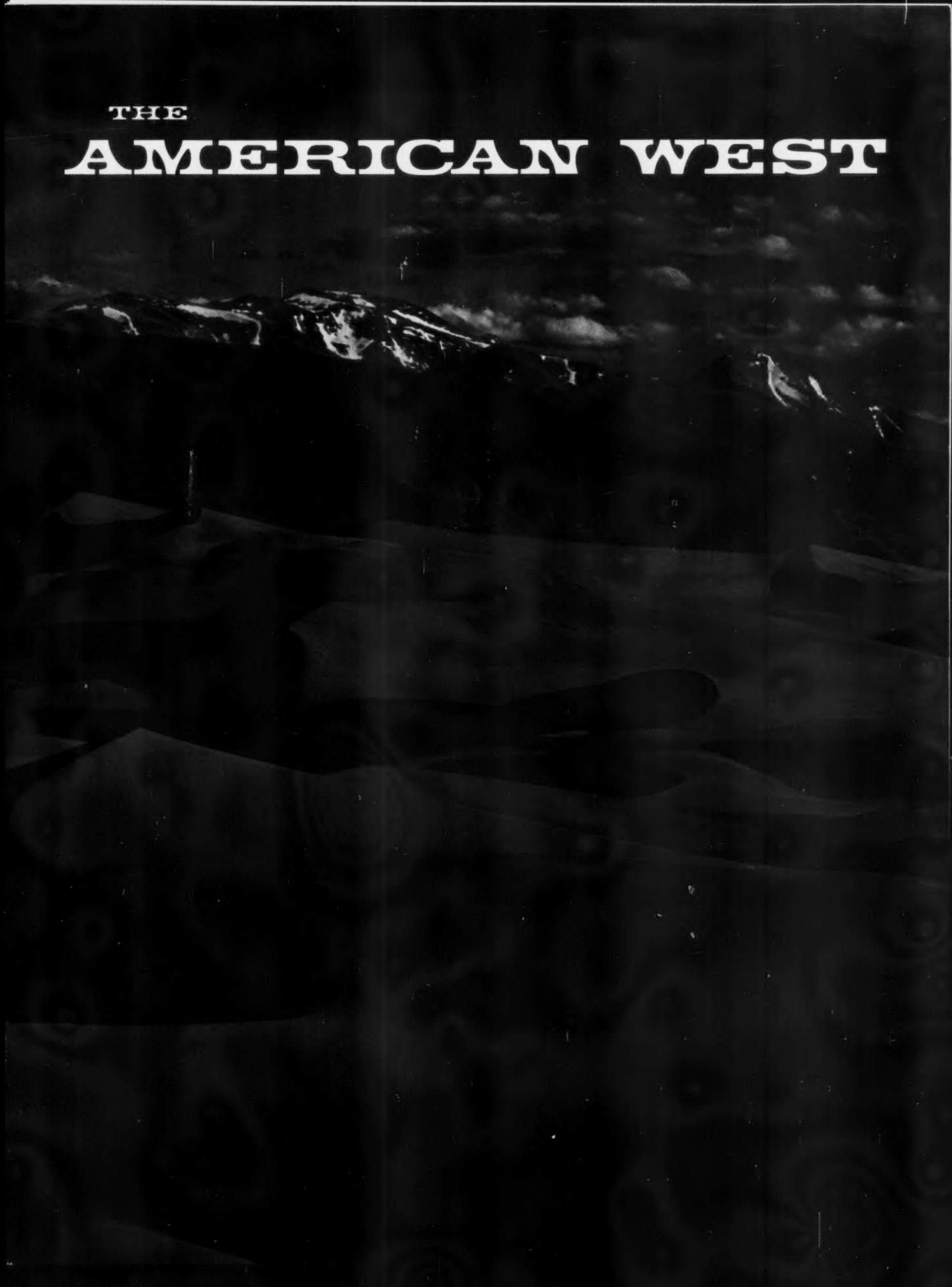
THE AMERICAN WEST



COVER: A late afternoon sun tints the rolling contours of Colorado's Great Sand Dunes National Monument. Peaks of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains rise beyond.

(Photograph by David Muench)

THE

AMERICAN WEST

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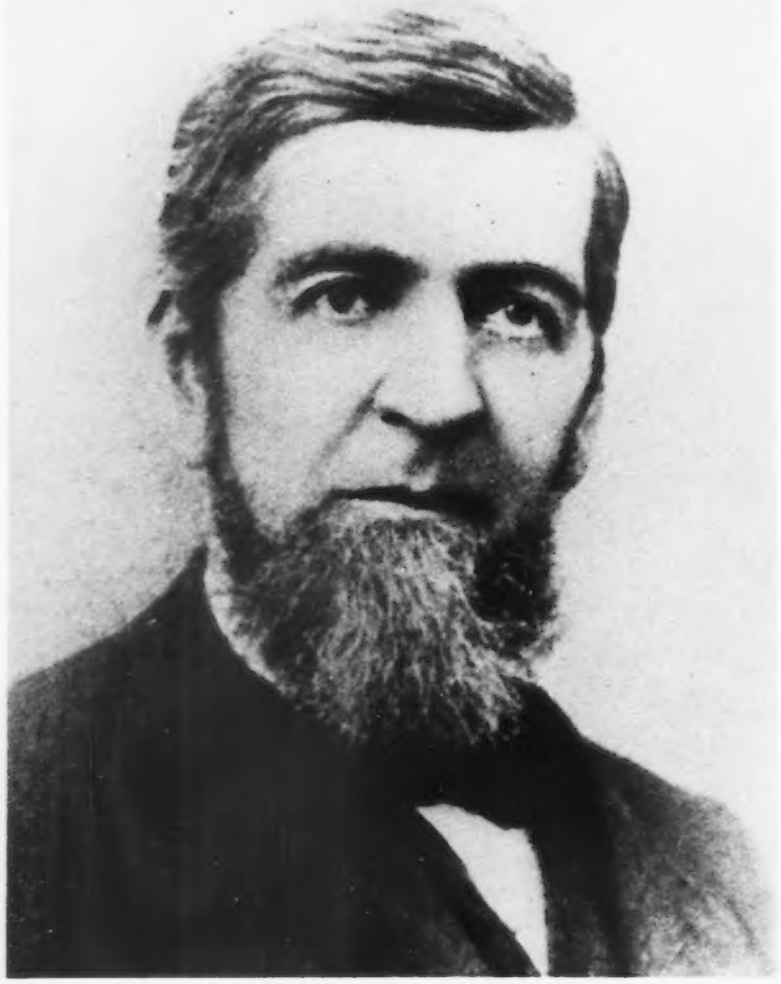
The sacred Snake Dance of Arizona's Hopi Indians was photographed three-quarters of a century ago by George Benjamin Wittick. For more work by this pioneer Southwest photographer, see pages 38–47.

MUSEUM OF NEW MEXICO



SOUTH DAKOTA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Dr. Walter A. Burleigh's greed and incompetence as an Indian agent helped to destroy an honorable tradition.

THE INDIAN

By Langdon Sully

EARLY IN 1861 the president of the United States called in "the Honorable" Dr. Walter M. Burleigh and virtually gave him a license to steal from the government.

Burleigh had been a physician in Kittanning, Pennsylvania, and had worked for Lincoln's election. Burleigh reminded the president of his obligations under the "spoils system" and suggested that Lincoln appoint him minister to the Court of St. James. Lincoln said he already had a man picked for that job and countered with a high position in France. The two finally settled on an appointment as Indian agent at the Yankton Reservation in South Dakota. According to Burleigh's account: "I asked him what my salary was and he said 'two thousand dollars.' I told him right then and there if I took my family out into that frontier country and got only

Items in the typical trader's store were sold on credit, and Indians rarely knew what they were being charged.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, 1867

HARPER'S WEEKLY, 1869

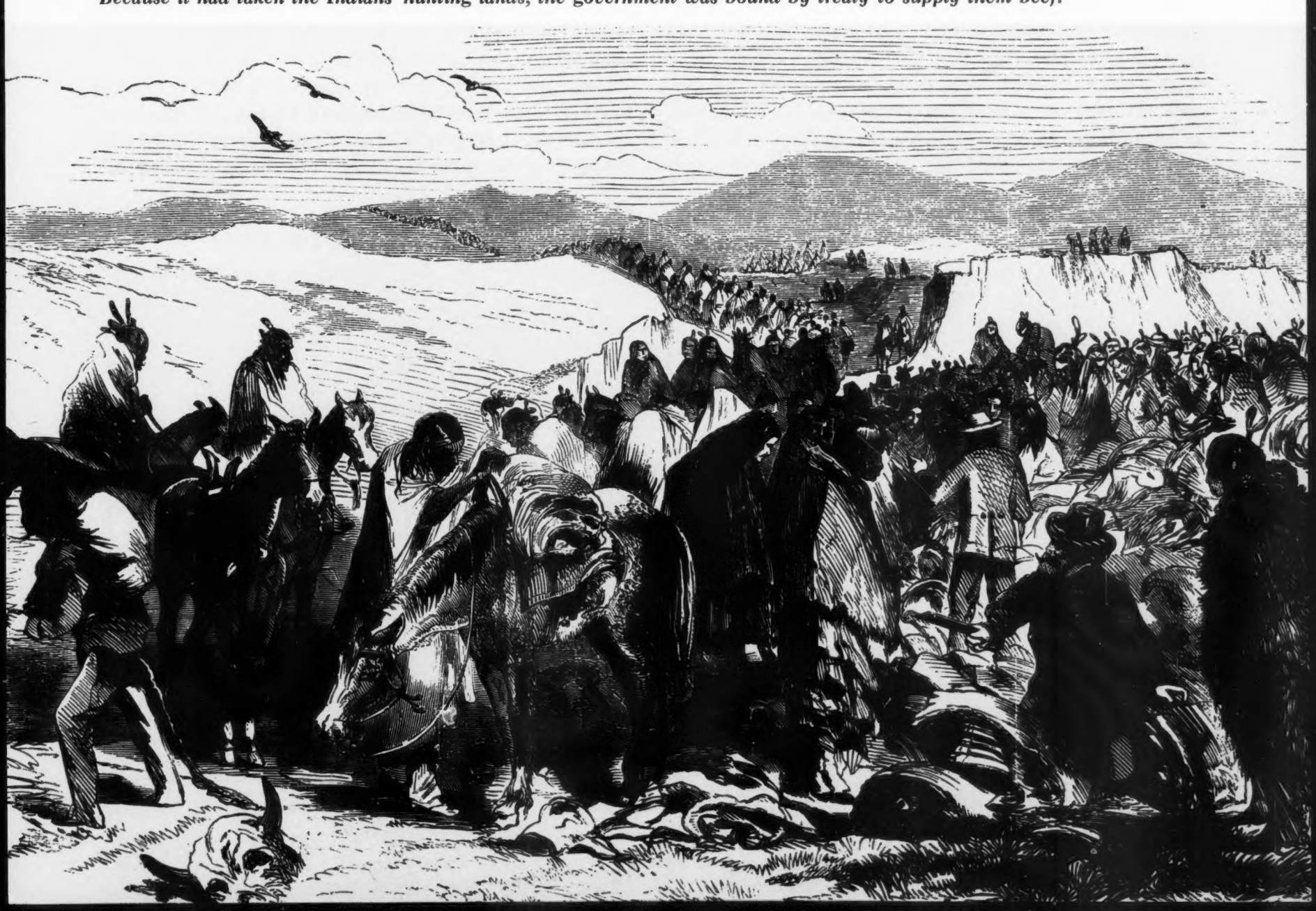
AGENT *A Study in Corruption and Avarice*

two thousand dollars a year, that I would have to starve or steal. Lincoln replied, 'Dr. Burleigh, if I am any judge of human nature, you won't starve.' "

Up to this point in U.S. history, the Indian agent had generally been an honorable and respected man, and had established a tradition of service to the Indians as well as to the government. The man who best exemplified this tradition was Lawrence Taliaferro. He was made Indian agent at Fort Snelling in 1819, five years before the Bureau of Indian Affairs was established. No one really knew what his duties were supposed to be; the job was not specified for the man—the man built the job. Taliaferro was judge, jury, doctor, and father confessor to the Indians. He could mete out any punishment he deemed appropriate, separate families when he thought this was necessary to maintain compatibility, tell the Indians where and when to build houses and how they should live, and specify the work to which they should be assigned. At the same time, he assumed responsibility for their safety and tried to keep tribes from going to war against each other. On a broad scale he saw the job as one of making sure that his charges were properly housed, fed, and clothed; that they got some semblance of an education and learned some trade; and that they became self-sufficient to the extent that they would ultimately become citizens of the United States.

Taliaferro has been termed "incorruptible" by historian William Folwell. He regarded himself as the patriarch of the twenty-four hundred or more Indians under his care and even dug into his own meager funds to help those in need and to encourage their agricultural efforts. He is described as faithful and forceful; he was constantly petitioning Washington to improve conditions for the Indians and was quick to get rid of traders who cheated his charges or sold them whiskey. Taliaferro was so much in control of the Indian situation and so well thought of that he was reappointed Indian agent by every administration for twenty years. At the end of this time he decided that he had had enough and voluntarily

Because it had taken the Indians' hunting lands, the government was bound by treaty to supply them beef.



retired. He typified the paternal attitude anyone would have wished to find in a man with his responsibilities; he had little concern for his personal comfort, having gone eight years without a house in which to live and, for the first three years, without a room in which to meet with the Indians.

Charles Flandrau was another agent in the Taliaferro tradition. As Indian agent to the Sioux in the Minnesota territory, he was mother hen to his people, looked out for their interests, and even ransomed white women who were held captive by the hostiles. He resigned his job to become a judge, but when the "Minnesota Massacres" started in August 1862, he was quick to return to lead the defense of the town of New Ulm.

DR. BURLEIGH AND THOSE WHO FOLLOWED HIM, however, destroyed any semblance of honor that went with the title of "Indian Agent." Burleigh quickly set about proving that Lincoln was right: he would not starve. He used every wile he could dream of to become a wealthy man in a few short years and, in doing so, destroyed a proud tradition.

First he hired his wife and sisters to teach school on the reservation. Ironically, there was no school, and the only children tutored were Burleigh's sons. He hired his brother John as a farmer on the desert property—but produce for the Indians was either bought locally or shipped to the agency by the government. John, along with Burleigh's wife, mother, and two sisters, was paid to administer to the sick and to dispense medicines. There is no record that they killed any Indians through malpractice, but none of them was a qualified pharmacist or physician. One of Burleigh's biggest boondoggles was to hire his two teen-age sons to chase gophers on a vast expanse of desert land where a gopher was about as harmless as a titmouse in a typhoon; for this they were each paid fifty dollars a month.

These swindles were only the beginning for "the Honorable" Dr. Burleigh. He bought up the Indians' rights to their annuities (money to be paid to them individually each year by government treaty) at a fraction of their value, so that when the funds were distributed the money was paid not to them, but to him. He put men on the government payroll to build a school which was never started during his tenure. There was a nonexistent engineer, Dr. Clarence Brown, to whom money was paid through the Indian agent; a miller also collected money for the Burleigh fund; and the carpenter, Frederic Carmon, testified that he spent little time at the agency because he was too busy "traveling about."

In virtually every transaction in which he was involved, Burleigh robbed the till. He had tinware made by the Indians, sold it, and kept the money. Government policy decreed that if a stagecoach stopped at the agency, the passengers were supposed to have certain courtesies extended them by the agent—a chance to wash and freshen up, a meal, and a night's lodging. But Burleigh charged for all of this to further swell his coffers. Even the Indians complained that they often had to pay for meals at the agency mess hall—meals which the government was supposed to provide without charge.

Farm machinery was a real bonanza for Burleigh. He purchased the best, using federal funds, of course, and had it delivered to his farm for his personal use. The money from the crops he harvested he kept for himself. If the equipment needed repairs, he billed the government, on the strength of the fact that this was "Indian property." The Indians complained that they were unable to raise crops because they had no equipment, but no one listened.

Corn, potatoes, and most other produce for the agency were bought from the local farmers because the Indians' crops were sparse. These food purchases often appeared on vouchers as having cost the government ten times their actual value.

The Chippewa Agency at Leech Lake, Minnesota, was typical of agencies in Minnesota and the Dakotas.

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Another of Burleigh's sidelines was a freight operation to deliver goods sent to the agency; he owned the wagons, and his price was double the highest competitive bid submitted.

Burleigh was a virtual Houdini when it came to making things disappear. Lumber was a big item; three hundred thousand board feet were spirited away under the eyes of guards who dared not see it happen—if they complained they would lose their jobs. (The lumber was used on Burleigh's farm.) One hundred and eleven milk cows were brought to his farm "for safe keeping," and Dr. Burleigh told an aide, "We can keep them here until they have a few calves." Calves or no, the Indians got only eleven or twelve animals while Burleigh kept one hundred of the original herd.

WITHIN SIX MONTHS after Burleigh was appointed agent, complaints began to come into Washington about how the Indians were being cheated while Burleigh was enjoying sudden affluence. So the government did then what it does today: it sent a commission to investigate and file a report.

Burleigh had advance warning of the coming of the commission and of the route it would take, and he figured out a way to take advantage of even this situation. A crony of his named Fielder, a man of dubious repute but clever and contriving, "just happened" to meet the stagecoach some miles from the reservation. He charmed the members of the commission and convinced them that he knew more about Indian affairs than any man in the territory, that he was familiar with all the tongues the Indians spoke, and that he would make an ideal interpreter for them on this most important mission. They hired him.

The meeting between the Indians, Burleigh, and the commission was called by special agent Alexander Johnson, who had made the original complaint about the treatment the Indians were being given. Johnson gave this account of the council meeting:

"One old chief stood up and talked at length. His voice and gestures showed a great deal of emotion and it was easy to tell that he was 'mad all over.' He told how Burleigh had cheated them out of their beef by bringing in cattle from the hills on one side, and after weighing them and getting a receipt from the Indians, he had run them back into the hills, then in on the other side, and weighed them and so on. He pointed to the east and to the west and used Burleigh's name several times. Then he sat down and the commissioner asked Fielder to interpret it.

Fielder said the old chief said he [Burleigh] was a fine man, that he was the best agent the Great White Father ever sent out to them; that he weighed the cattle every few days and if he were taken away the Indians would all leave the agency and go back to the hills, and they would come from the east and from the west and kill the white man's cattle and Burleigh was the Indians' good friend and father."

So the commission went back to Washington and gave Burleigh a clean bill of health. Their report was even highlighted with an assertion from W. Jayne, governor and commissioner of Indian affairs for the area, that Burleigh did not claim anything as his own property, even to the lead pencil he used, but that everything at the agency belonged to the Indians.

The commission ignored the testimony of Strike the Ree, who was then recognized as chief of the Yankton Sioux. Strike the Ree said: "When I went to see my grandfather [the government], he told me I should have my reserve; that I should have fifty miles up and down the Missouri for fifty years and I might become rich and ride high up; but I am like one on a high snow bank; the sun shines continually and it melts away, and it keeps going down until there is nothing left. When

The Indians often assembled days ahead of time to collect their supplies and annuities from the government.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

Chief Little Crow was the reluctant leader of the Sioux uprising in Minnesota in 1862. Later he was killed by a farmer who caught him taking food.

I went to my grandfather he agreed, if I would put three young men to learn ploughing he would put one white man to learn them; also three to sow, three to learn the carpenter's trade, three to learn the blacksmith's trade and such other trades as we should want; and my grandfather also said that a school would be established for the people to learn to read and write; that the young boys and girls should go to school and that the young men who worked should have the same pay as the whites. My grandfather told me that if the young men would go to work that the money going to those who would not work should be given to those who would work. None of these things have been fulfilled.

"When they bring goods to the agency, my goods are all mixed up with the agent's; I can't tell my goods from the trader's goods . . . my grandfather told me I should have a warehouse separate from the agent's; he told me I should take one hundred and sixty acres of land for my use and I should have plenty of land to raise the hay for the stock. All of the hay on my bottom land is cut by the agent to sell. I asked for hay but I get none—white men cut it; I can't tell who gets the money for the hay, but I think Redfield [the Indian agent who preceded Burleigh] got some money from some of the hay . . . Mr. Redfield, the first agent, did not tell the same things my grandfather told me. Neither did agent Burleigh, but both told me lies; they filled my belly full of lies."

Chief Medicine Crow's words were never given to the commission: "You know the cause of the murders in Minnesota; if you do not, I do; the agents were the cause. Our agents never give us what our grandfather sends us . . . the agents bring goods but do not give them to us. When the agent brought us money we asked him to let us see it; but more than half was carried back to the house and we never received it."

Burleigh collected "large amounts" of money for property alleged to have been destroyed or damaged by the Indians, according to the testimony of Charles E. Hedges, who worked at the Yankton Agency and on Burleigh's farm. He received $650 for five horses he claimed were stolen from the Indians. Witnesses testified that they were forced to sign vouchers for money they never received.

When Burleigh was finally dismissed, it took him several days to provide his successor with incomplete accounts of money received and disbursed, and with an inventory of stock,

Sioux Indians butcher government-supplied beef and horses at the Lower Brule Agency, Dakota Territory.

SOUTH DAKOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

food, and equipment on hand. Tools had been broken or lost, and the few head of cattle on hand were old and worthless; no preparation had been made to raise crops for the coming year, and the buildings were all in a miserable, dilapidated condition. He kept all receipts and vouchers when he left (a common practice among Indian agents during the Civil War years) so that no one could trace his transactions. According to his successor he left the agency "stripped and naked."

DURING THE CIVIL WAR the Indian agents became not only unscrupulous but vacillating and lacking in judgment. The Minnesota Massacres to which Medicine Crow referred in his disregarded message to the commission from Washington were caused by indecision on the part of an agent, Thomas Galbraith. He was responsible for both the Upper Agency at Greenwood, Minnesota, and the Lower Agency at Redwood. In August 1862 the Indians at the Upper Agency demanded the goods and annuities promised them by treaty. The lard, flour, beef, and sugar were on hand but Galbraith wanted to wait until the money had arrived so that he could distribute everything at one time. He felt that to give in to the demands of the Indians would be a show of weakness. However, five thousand warriors were doing the asking, so he gave them a token distribution. When he went south to the Lower Redwood Agency, the Indians under Chief Little Crow demanded that they should be given the same distribution.

Little Crow said: "We have waited a long time. The money is ours but we cannot get it. We have no food, but here are these stores filled with food, and we ask that you, the agent, make some arrangement by which we can get food from the stores, or else we may take our own way to keep ourselves from starving. When men are hungry they help themselves."

When Galbraith hesitated, the Indians did help themselves. In the process they killed more than seven hundred whites and caused more than 25 percent of the population of Minnesota to flee the state; many of these people never returned.

Agents like Burleigh and Galbraith, greedy and weak men, were tolerated because during the Civil War the nation's attention was focused on the conflict between the states. Many politicians in Washington abetted such corruption. Bishop Henry Whipple reported that the appointment of an Indian agent "was too often made only as a reward for party work, there being a tradition on the frontier that an Indian agent with fifteen hundred dollars a year could retire on an ample fortune in three years." In her treatise, "The Indian Policy during Grant's Administration," Elsie Wilson Rushmore reported that on the question of annuities "only 25 percent of this money, prominent Congressmen declared, ever reached the Indians for whom it was appropriated, the remaining three-fourths going to politicians in Washington."

With the close of the Civil War and a refocusing of attention on Indian affairs, President Grant did take steps to try to remedy the evils of the system. He appointed a Board of Indian Commissioners to supervise the disbursement of all Indian appropriations as well as the placing of contracts, the erection of buildings, and the selection of employees, including Indian superintendents and new counterparts of the former Indian agents. This was no paper board—it traveled an aggregate of 256,000 miles in three years, getting rid of corrupt or inept agents and practices, and bringing some semblance of order to the government's relations with the Indians.

They bought peace—but it was too late for honor.

Langdon Sully *has a background as an author, editor, and publisher, and has written more than 250 feature articles for magazines and newspapers. Mr. Sully's book-length biography of his grandfather, artist and Indian fighter Gen. Alfred Sully, will be published later this year by the American West Publishing Company.*

A nineteenth-century bread line. During hard winters many of the Indians starved to death.

Ezra Meeker, pictured in his later years.

EZRA MEEKER

His Mansion, Monuments, and Mission

By Phoebe Condon

EZRA MEEKER, a pioneer who traveled west by covered wagon over the Old Oregon Trail in 1852, was almost single-handedly responsible more than a half-century later for the establishment of a series of markers along the trail's length to preserve it for future generations. Now, forty-five years after his death at the age of ninety-seven, a campaign is under way to restore as a memorial the historic mansion that Meeker built at Puyallup, Washington, in 1890.

Who was this long-lived, strong-willed, seemingly eccentric pioneer? Ezra Meeker was born on December 29, 1830, near Hamilton, Ohio, and moved to Indiana with his family at the age of seven. In the fall of 1851 young Meeker and his wife Eliza Jane moved to Iowa, but the following spring—having caught the "Oregon fever"—Ezra, Eliza, and their one-month-old son joined a four-wagon group of settlers headed for the Far West, thereby becoming part of what has since been called the greatest mass migration in history.

The party the Meekers accompanied was one in a column of settlers that extended almost continuously for five hundred miles. Of the some eight thousand emigrants making the difficult journey, more than 10 percent fell by the wayside. Along one 106-mile stretch alone Meeker counted seventy-five fresh graves, and there were more in campgrounds off the trail.

In his autobiography, written some sixty years later, Meeker recalled that "I was the youngest of the men folks of the party, and the only married man of the lot, and if I do have to say it, the strongest and ablest to bear the brunt of the work (pardon me, reader, when I add, and willing according to my strength, for it is true)." Meeker recalled many examples of cruelty, brutality, and selfishness on the trail, but he also saw others of compassion and magnanimity. He said that he could describe instances that would convert the most skeptical listener into belief in the depravity of mankind, so heartless and selfish were the actions of some men—to other men, women, animals, and themselves. Yet he felt that "for myself, I can truly say I do not remember the experience as a personal hardship."

Eventually the Meekers reached the Puget Sound country, in what later became Washington State but was then part of Oregon Territory. They homesteaded first on McNeil Island, then on the Steilacoom prairie, and finally settled permanently in the fertile Puyallup Valley. There over the years, Ezra made and lost several fortunes.

At the age of seventy-six, when most other people would have long since settled into retirement, Meeker became concerned that the story of the Oregon Trail might be forgotten, for little if any national interest had been shown in preserving the routes over which the pioneers had come. He determined to retrace the route with ox team and covered wagon, to mark the trail with monuments at appropriate intervals "to honor the true heroes who made it, and to kindle in the hearts of the rising generation a flame of patriotic sentiment."

BOTH PHOTOGRAPHS: WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

An early photograph of Meeker's home—which is now being restored as a memorial to him.

In spite of strong opposition from concerned family and friends, Meeker left Puyallup on January 29, 1906, with a replica prairie schooner contrived from parts of old covered wagons and drawn by two oxen, Twist and Dave. As he traveled slowly east, Meeker received a warm welcome in some cities, but in others he was treated coldy, and many people who did not understand his purpose subjected him to abuse. In spare moments the old man wrote a book, *The Ox Team*, whose sale of nineteen thousand copies financed many of his expenses. After a laborious, months-long journey, Meeker finally reached the eastern terminus of the Oregon Trail on the Missouri River, and from there he took his wagon and team on to Washington, D.C., where he was enthusiastically received by President Theodore Roosevelt on November 29, 1907. As a result of Meeker's efforts the Oregon Trail was marked for sixteen hundred miles from Olympia, Washington, to St. Louis, Missouri, and thirty-one monuments were erected along the way.

Later Meeker made a second trip east over portions of the trail, leaving The Dalles, Oregon, in March 1910 and returning to Puyallup in August 1912. To further promote the marking of the Oregon Trail, he yet again made the trip by automobile in 1915, and by airplane in 1926. Thus without doubt he is the only man who ever traveled the Oregon Trail by covered wagon, by car, and by airplane.

Between his original trip west in 1852 and his last trip east nearly three-quarters of a century later, Ezra Meeker was a dairyman, storekeeper, hop grower, bank president, founder and first mayor of Puyallup, Klondike adventurer, and author.

In 1890 Meeker built a three-story, seventeen-room mansion at Puyallup which served the region for many years as a center of social and cultural activity. It cost between $22,000 and $26,000 at the time, and many of the interior details, such as the fine stained glass windows and six beautifully carved wood fireplaces, were imported from Europe. The third floor consisted of a ballroom and stage for concerts and entertainment, and atop the house was a widow's walk, very unusual for an inland home.

For a number of years following Meeker's death in 1928, his former residence was used as a G.A.R. home; and later it became a nursing home. More recently, through the efforts of the nonprofit Ezra Meeker Historical Society, it has been refurnished with period pieces and opened to the public. In 1972 the home was declared a National Historical Landmark. Now the Meeker Society is endeavoring to raise the estimated $89,000 needed to restore the structure to its original elegance, as a distinctive example of nineteenth-century architecture and as a monument to a great pioneer and memorializer of the Oregon Trail.

Phoebe Condon *is a retired teacher who has had a number of articles published on topics relating to Northwest history and Indians.*

MYSTERY MAN OF QUATSINO SOUND

The Second Life of William Clarke Quantrill

CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARKE QUANTRILL—guerrilla leader, farmer, gambler, and schoolteacher—was one of the bloodiest killers of the American Civil War. Forty years after he was reported dead in a muddy farmyard near Louisville, Kentucky, Quantrill was reportedly found alive by a former Union officer in a remote cabin on the northern end of Canada's Vancouver Island. A few weeks later he was indeed dead, beaten to death by two men from Lawrence, Kansas, bent on revenge. The Confederate war criminal had finally paid the price for leading the August 21, 1863, raid on Lawrence that had left one hundred and fifty men, women, and children dead.

But the man who died at remote Coal Harbor, on the upper reaches of Quatsino Sound, lived under the name of John Sharp. What led his killers to believe that Quantrill had not died at Louisville? How could they have been sure Sharp was really the former leader of looters who had plundered and raped while wearing the gray uniforms of the Confederacy?

William Clarke Quantrill was born in Canal Dover, Ohio, in 1837, the son of a part-time farmer, part-time teacher. The Quantrill family, following neighbors, moved west when William was in his early teens. When the father broke sod in Kansas, the son left home. Farming was not to his liking. He had an urge to wander and to make his fortune.

For a couple of years Quantrill taught school in a small

On August 21, 1863, Confederate William Quantrill made an infamous raid on Lawrence, Kansas.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

By Jon McDermott

KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Quantrill's orders to his band of three hundred guerrillas were explicit: burn and kill.

town in Illinois, but the meager pay of a young school teacher was not helping him toward his fortune, and he soon became involved in minor crime. He left Illinois one step ahead of the law and rode west with a wagon train, making a name for himself as a gambler at Fort Bridger, Wyoming, and later at Fort Worth, Texas. R. E. Montgomery, a businessman who played cards with Quantrill at Forth Worth, would recall Quantrill's great determination at the game four decades later, when they drank together at a bar on Vancouver Island.

In 1860 William was back in Kansas, only to leave soon after for Pikes Peak. Colorado was in the middle of a gold rush, and along with many other young men he had dreams of a fortune lying on the ground waiting to be picked up. When he entered the tent cities springing up in the valleys, he found a fortune, but not in mining. As "Charley Hunt," he preyed upon unsuspecting miners at the gambling tables. It was a rough life, and Quantrill was in frequent fights. He committed his first murder over the gambling table, but it was dismissed immediately by onlookers as a normal fight over a bad card deal. This was the opening play for a new act in his life.

When the raiders departed, Lawrence was in ruins, and one hundred and fifty of its inhabitants were dead.

Quantrill—wiry, blue-eyed, and nearly six feet tall—was an opportunist, but his personal courage and determination at everything he set out to do were beyond question. Although gambling gave him a taste of the fortune he was seeking, card playing seemed a slow way to make money. He turned to crime with increasing frequency and during the years preceding the Civil War was accused of cattle stealing, horse rustling, mail robbery, and finally murder.

AS THE NORTH AND SOUTH RUSHED toward open conflict, William Quantrill became known to more and more law officers. By the first months of 1861 he was recruiting bandits and killers, including Jesse and Frank James, and was making a name for himself as an outlaw leader. When the Civil War opened, he recognized a golden opportunity and offered his services to the South. Adding a number of men to his unit, he began conducting raids and guerrilla warfare throughout Kansas and Missouri. His attacks were fast and deadly. Whether Quantrill offered the services of his band to the South out of conviction or because it would make his plundering legal was never established. He was operating as he had been before the war, only now it was under the cover of gray military uniforms and the Confederate flag.

Although "Quantrill's Raiders," as they soon became known, were part of the Southern forces, they operated totally independent of higher command. Few prisoners were taken. But as ruthless as they were, the Raiders did provide the generals with results. In 1862 they captured the city of Independence, Missouri, from a strong force of Union troops. This successful coup provided Quantrill with his most solid defense when his brutality was criticized by more gentlemanly officers. In many quarters of the South, the Raiders were held in open contempt, but no effort was made to reprimand them. Results were important, and there was no denying the damage they were causing to the Union.

On August 21, 1863, Quantrill's men rode into Lawrence. It was his biggest raid, and his bloodiest. Within a few hours

the Raiders had ransacked the town, and as they rode out, one hundred and fifty inhabitants lay dead or dying. The James brothers were in the thick of the carnage that day.

When it became apparent that the North was going to win a decisive victory, Quantrill and his band realized they would soon be marked men because their operations had been conducted outside the bounds of legal warfare. They started north in an attempt to evade capture. The going was rough, and many of the band broke away and headed for Texas and Mexico. Many were slaughtered as they ran into Northern patrols.

It was during a rainstorm in Spencer County, Kentucky, near Louisville, that Quantrill's Raiders had their final confrontation with Union troops. They had taken refuge from the rain in a barn owned by a Southern sympathizer named Jeremiah Wakefield. A Union cavalry patrol under the command of a young officer, Captain Edward Terrill, was moving along the main dirt road past the farm when the captain saw the tracks of many horses leading into the barnyard. Immediately, he ordered his men to dismount and advance on the farm buildings.

The Union troops were across the barnyard before they were spotted. Guns fired. The engagement was brief and bodies from both sides littered the floor of the barn and the yard outside. The muddy water ran red with blood. The Southerners suffered heavy casualties, and among those captured was a man who identified himself as "Captain William Clarke." Was this Quantrill? Or, in the light of later evidence, was this really one of Quantrill's men who had seen his commander lying unconscious in the mud and expected the Union troops to overlook him as being dead? The rain was heavy, and there was no reason for the Union soldiers to venture out into the rain to inspect the bodies after they had captured the barn. They soon rode off, as they were not in the habit of burying enemy dead and the rain was coming down harder.

Jeremiah Wakefield was collecting the bodies after the Union troops departed when he heard the moaning of a man in much pain. He searched the corpses until he found one with a flicker of life. It was Quantrill. Wakefield stripped off the bandit's uniform and found a wide bayonet gash in his chest and a bullet wound in his right shoulder.

It took time for the wounds to heal. Weeks passed. Quantrill and Wakefield were constantly on edge. Union activity around Louisville was increasing and the farm lay along the main thoroughfare.

THE WAR ENDED. Suddenly William Clarke Quantrill had moved from guerrilla leader to wanted war criminal. The fortunes of war had changed him from a hero who might have been honored by statues in the town squares of the South to a fugitive in fear for his life.

He had to run. Law officers and bounty hunters would be looking for him. At first he thought of Canada. Many slaves, escaping from bondage before the war, had made their way toward the Pacific Northwest and the British provinces north of the United States along the west coast of the continent. But there were too many problems for a wounded man trying to make his way through hundreds of miles of Union territory. Instead, he decided to flee southward.

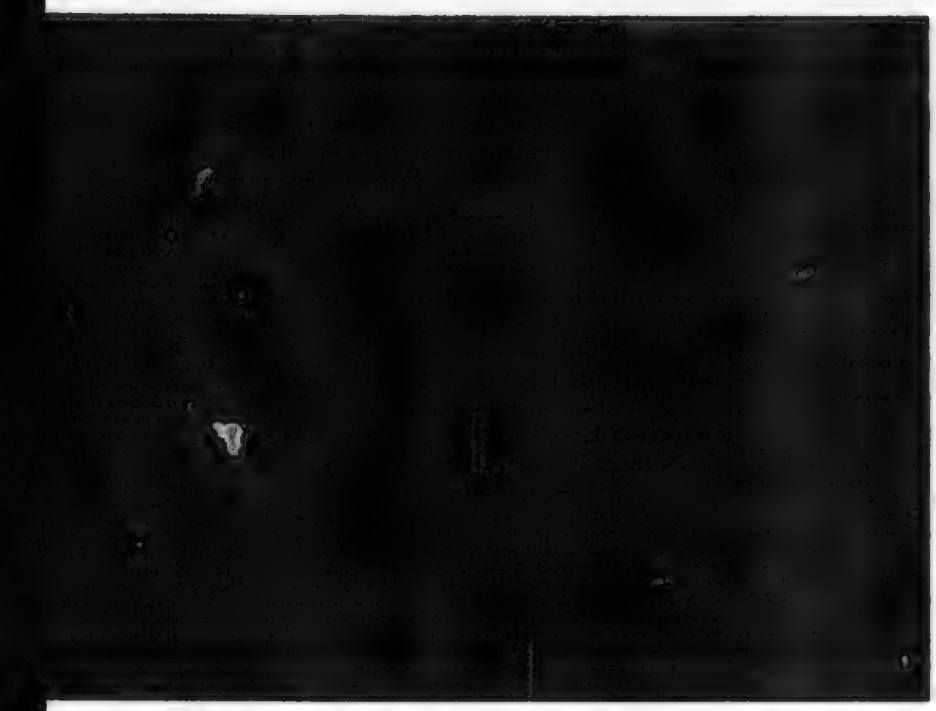
After many painful weeks, constantly dodging victorious Northern troops, Quantrill reached the Gulf of Mexico and eventually, South America. For a couple of years he worked his way through that continent; then, with his fortunes in decline, he returned north to Oregon. Here he met a Portland timber buyer named John Edmunson and went to work as a logger. To Edmunson, Quantrill introduced himself as John Sharp. It was not until 1907, more than twenty years later, that Edmunson would find out Sharp was really Quantrill. On August 21, 1863, in Lawrence, Kansas, William Quantrill had abandoned Edmunson's badly wounded brother, J. F. Edmunson, who had been one of the Raiders since the beginning of the war.

In 1882 Quantrill boarded the steamship *Premier* at Tacoma, en route north to Vancouver. From there he traveled to the interior of British Columbia—and returned to crime.

An 1894 register from the New Westminster Gaol, now in the provincial archives, records that an inmate named John Sharp had scars "on his chest and right shoulder." The report continued: "He came to Canada from the United States in the [early] 1880's, settled in Mud Lake [central British Columbia], involved himself in mail robbery and was sentenced to two months. He was five-foot eleven and one-quarter inches tall, had blue eyes and light blonde hair, a Roman Catholic,

One of the few contemporary likenesses of Quantrill shows him in the gray uniform of a Confederate officer.

KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY



The August 9, 1907,* Lawrence Daily Journal *headlined the story linking "Quantrell" to John Sharp.

COURTESY OF FRANK HOLE

John Sharp's cabin at remote Coal Harbor, British Columbia —where he was killed by two visitors from Lawrence.

and, according to the prisoner himself, was fifty-four years of age."

When "John Sharp" was released from prison, he journeyed north along the coast and worked as a logger before going to Coal Harbour and to his final job as a watchman at a coal mine. Coal Harbour was located at the extreme end of Quatsino Sound and was typical of many West Coast communities. It was founded on a coal mine early in the 1850s. Coal had been found there by geologists aboard the first steam-driven ship on the West Coast, the famous *Beaver*.

The town was small. A bar, company offices, and the coal pit were surrounded by a few shacks. When the coal ran out, most of the workers left and moved on to bigger strikes at Nanaimo. Coal Harbour was left with a few men who loved the place too much to leave or who, like John Sharp, were hiding from something.

Sharp's cabin was on a small point of land projecting into the quiet water of Quatsino Sound. The shack and outbuildings were ill-kept and often the roof leaked. Anyone walking on the narrow veranda risked loose boards and scuffed shins.

John Sharp was a gray-bearded old man who spent many hours poking around the debris washed ashore along the rocky beach. He was known as a quiet and polite fellow when sober, but a noisy, boisterous, and aging rebel when drunk.

According to a reporter for the *Victoria Colonist,* H. O. Bergh, who was the Quatsino postmaster, and R. E. Montgomery, a Quatsino businessman and Quantrill's former poker partner at Fort Worth, were both told by Sharp that he was Quantrill.

The book *Century to Adventure,* published by the *Colonist,* records that Eustace Smith, a noted forest engineer from Vancouver, met with Sharp in 1902: "My brother Cecil and I were acting as guides to James Dunsmuir, the coal baron and railway millionaire of Vancouver Island, and his party. They wanted to fish and hunt in a little known locality in the north-central part of the island.

"John Sharp was living in a cabin at Coal Harbour. He was acting as a sort of watchman at the old coal property there. I was very interested in meeting him as I had heard it whispered that he was Quantrill. He had steady, blue eyes that did not suggest a decline of his mental or physical reflexes. I recall his powerful voice. I did not hear him admit being Quantrill but from various remarks made while we were there it would appear that he was a Civil War veteran and had fought for the South. He spoke of Jesse James, the bandit, with familiarity."

John Sharp told stories of lightning raids of cavalry, always with the same setting of the American Civil War. And always he spoke as if he had ridden with the legendary gray ghosts of the Confederacy. To many at Coal Harbour these stories had the ring of veracity. "The old man would get a gleam in his eye, there would be pauses as he spoke, there was a sound to his voice that belied any other thought than of the truth."

And when Sharp had been drinking heavily and spinning his tales of war, he would lean across the scarred table at the bar and admit that he was the legendary Confederate leader, William Clarke Quantrill. Many pioneers in the Coal Harbour area recall Sharp's drunken admission. "I might as well admit it. It seems I cannot hide the fact. I'm Quantrill." But when sober he would again become an introvert. Any suggestion that he was Quantrill would be met with a cold-eyed stare that would force the questioner to back off.

Tom Illstad was then a young boy at Coal Harbour; he recalls listening for hours as Sharp told him stories about the

Civil War: "He used to tell me all kinds of stories of adventures, and of fighting in the Civil War. When he was sober he did not say anything that would lead me to think that he had any identity other than that of John Sharp, but when he had been drinking he would sometimes boast that he was Quantrill.

"One time he told me how he had been surprised by a Union force [at the Wakefield farm] and had been badly wounded in the fight that followed. In fact the Union men had found him on the field. He had been shot in the shoulder and had another wound in his chest. It was not expected he could live and he had been left at the farm house where the fight took place."

There were many others who helped establish the link between Quantrill and Sharp. Old-timers still tell of Sharp's set of pistols, inscribed with the initials WCQ. They were Colts, similar in style to the ones many Confederate soldiers used.

JOHN SHARP WAS APPREHENSIVE about newcomers to Coal Harbour, although he often had a drink ready for travelers who hiked along the eleven-mile trail from Port Hardy, where the steamers docked. Repeatedly Sharp told Peter Varney, a neighbor, that someone would be coming from the mainland to get him.

J. E. Duffy was the first "someone from the mainland." Duffy had been a Union officer with the Michigan cavalry during the war. Many times he had chased Quantrill through the states of Kansas and Missouri. They had met a number of times before the war. Duffy knew his man.

In 1865 Duffy's unit returned home, and the men picked up where they had left off when war broke out. Duffy went into the lumber industry with his father and by 1907 had become prominent and wealthy. In the summer of 1907, he journeyed north from the United States to Quatsino Sound aboard the steamer *Tees* in search of new timber. Virgin forest covered Vancouver Island, and Duffy found what he was seeking.

But Duffy found even more than he bargained for. The *Tees* stopped, not at Coal Harbour, but at Port Hardy. Duffy made the eleven-mile hike overland, and within an hour of arriving at Coal Harbour he was confronting John Sharp on the beach in front of his cabin. The alias "Sharp" did not adequately disguise Quantrill's familiar features.

"Is that you, Quantrill, you old rascal?" Duffy called out. According to the *Colonist*, which carried the story after Duffy returned to Victoria the following week, the two men talked for some hours. Sharp acknowledged that in reality he was Quantrill, and he talked "at length on the raids in Kansas and eagerly listened to Duffy's tales" about how the Union cavalry had chased him. He listened intently as Duffy told what had happened to the remaining members of Quantrill's Raiders and when the visitor reported that forty had been killed, "tears ran down the old man's cheeks."

Duffy returned to the United States, and the newspaper account raced across the country as far as New York. Most cities carried the story in their August 9, 1907 editions. Back in Kansas, in the *Lawrence Daily Journal*, the story ran under the headline "Is Quantrill Alive?" There were many in Lawrence who still felt deeply the keen edges of the Raider's swords and relatives and friends of the victims talked of revenge.

The day after this newspaper report, the *Daily Journal* recapped the raid: "On August 19, 1896, Quantrill assembled a body of about 300 mounted men at Columbus, Missouri. He then moved to Lone Jack and a roll call showed 294 men ready for business. Bill Todd and Bill Anderson, both noted desperadoes, were Quantrill's chief lieutenants. Dick Yaeger, Frank and Jesse James, the Younger Brothers and other bandits were in the list of members.

"This company of desperate and dastardly assassins marched across the Missouri border in daylight, passed within shouting distance of a camp of government troops and proceeded undisturbed to Lawrence. They arrived at Lawrence about daylight, and after sending a couple of horsemen through the town to see that the coast was clear, the whole troop rode down the main street, yelling and shouting. Then commenced a systematic burning of buildings, looting and killing. The Raiders showed no mercy. They themselves said they were under orders to burn every house.

"When the Raiders left the town, they were followed for some distance by a hastily formed posse under the charge of Jim Lane. This posse overtook the Raiders but was not strong enough to attack them. Federal troops came to the rescue and there was somewhat of a battle near the Osage River in which Quantrill's gang got the better of it. The federal troops, though they were about equal in numbers to the Raiders, permitted the Missouri bandits to escape with their lives."

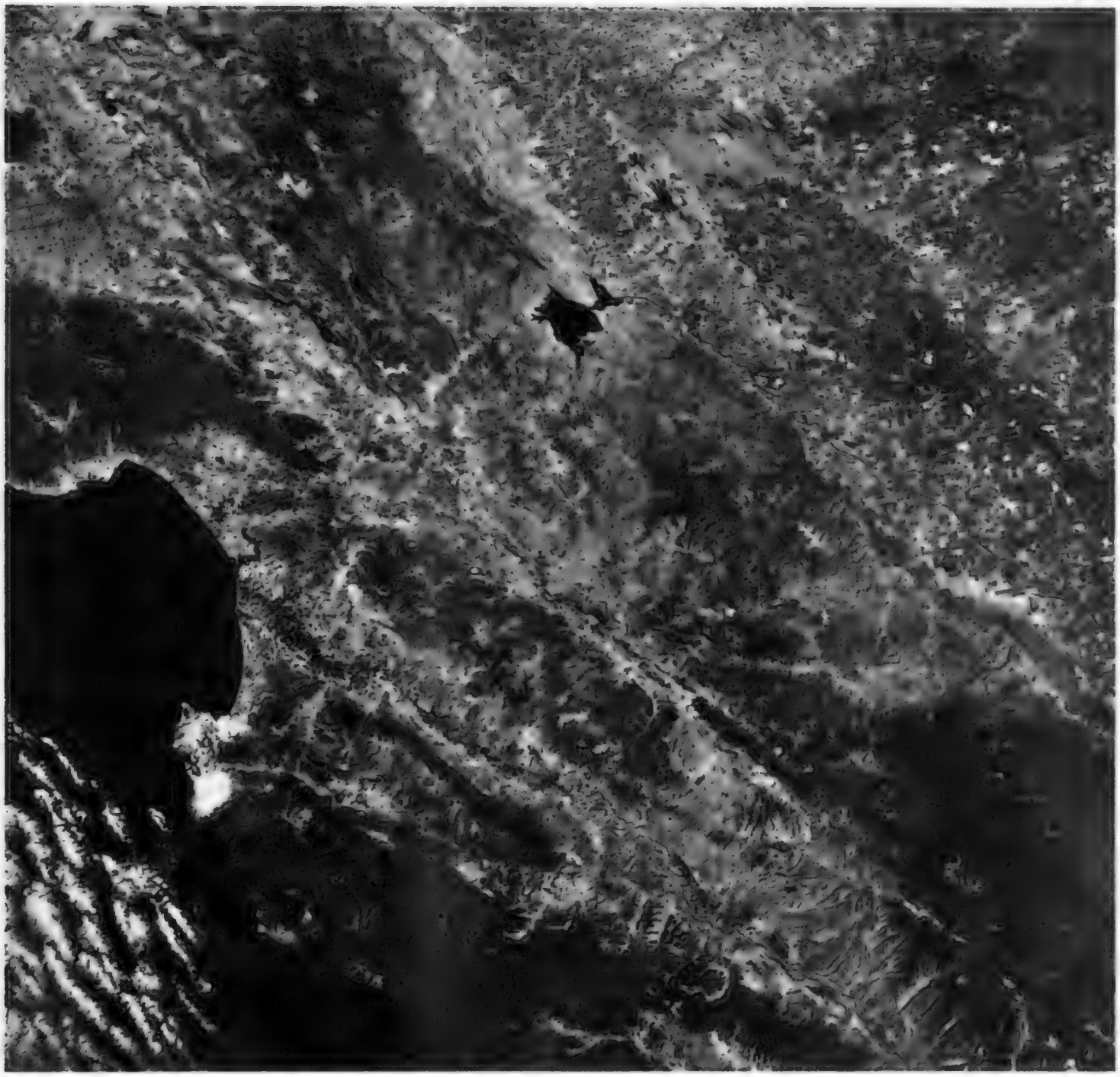
It was a story that brought tears to the eyes of many Lawrence residents and sent two men on the long trip north to seek vengeance. In the last week of September, the two men arrived in Victoria from Seattle. They stayed at the Dominion Hotel and waited impatiently to catch the *Tees* to Port Hardy. Aboard ship they asked Captain Joe Gosse, if he knew "the man named Sharp" at Coal Harbour. Gosse had heard of Sharp, but didn't know him. The two men spoke with "distinctively Southern accents."

ON SEPTEMBER 27TH, innkeeper-postmaster Alex Lyon at Port Hardy bedded down the two men. One of them, John Edmunson, was drunk and needed a place to sober up. Later, at the official inquiry into Sharp's death, Lyon recalled that he had taken the two to the Port Hardy–Coal Harbour trail on October 1.

When Edmunson and his companion arrived at Sharp's cabin the three men started drinking. The following day

Continued on page 63

NASA PHOTO FROM U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY



California from an altitude of 569 miles: Monterey Bay (lower left), the Salinas Valley (lower right), the Coast Range (center, extending from upper left to lower right), and the San Joaquin Valley (upper right)—an area of 13,225 square miles—caught in the electronic eye of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Earth Resources Technology Satellite (ERTS-1). This $112 million eye in the sky is the latest, most rarified expression of mankind's historic urge to see what things look like from "up there."

California: A Bird's-Eye View

by T. H. Watkins

ONE OF THE MOST PERSISTENT of mankind's fascinations has been the contemplation of the heavens—the very realm of mystery, the primeval unknown. Related to this has been an equally compelling obsession: the urge to achieve high places in order to look back down upon the world from a distance. Man has always tried to get above himself, perhaps to learn where he has been and to obtain a hint as to where he might be going. For whatever reason, he has always been enraptured with the view from above.

Before our present age of rampant technology, of course, the means by which a high viewpoint could be achieved were limited. Yet the desire remained, and one of the most charming results was the evolution of a distinctive and enormously popular art form known as the Bird's-Eye View, which reached its zenith near the end of the nineteenth century. This art was intricate and demanding, and the men who practiced it were specialists with a skill for detail and perspective—and the ability to transport their mind's eye to inaccessible vantage points in the sky, from which they re-created with uncanny accuracy views that no man had actually seen.

California, having attracted the attention of half the world and his wife and, moreover, being supremely self-conscious, self-congratulatory, and eager to spread the tidings of its many delights, very probably produced more Bird's-Eye Views per capita than any other state in the nation. Virtually every hamlet, town, city, metropolis, or hoped-to-become metropolis in the state memorialized its existence with views from above at one time or another during the nineteenth century, most of them sponsored by local newspapers, always the greatest "boomers" of them all. These, combined with the hundreds of similar, if entirely imaginary, views produced by a generation of real estate promoters advertising residential tracts (many of which never achieved anything beyond paper reality), resulted in an immense body of work, most of it anonymous, a generous sampling of which can be found in the files of any public or private historical collection worthy of the name. On these pages we reproduce three of the finest: opposite, an 1851 view of Sacramento bustling and scrambling during the heat of the Gold Rush; on the following two pages, a view of San Francisco in 1877, a city fat with silver from the depths of the Comstock Lode, enjoying the very height of vigor and enterprise in an age in which she became known as the "cool, gray city of love"; and on the final two pages, an 1891 view of Fresno, a San Joaquin Valley town blooming as an early expression of the gigantic stature California agriculture would obtain.

Megalopolis from twelve miles high: the sprawling, twentieth-century urbanization of the Los Angeles Basin as documented from a U-2 aircraft. For reference, Dodger Stadium appears at left center, and Pasadena's Rose Bowl at the upper right.

NASA PHOTO FROM U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

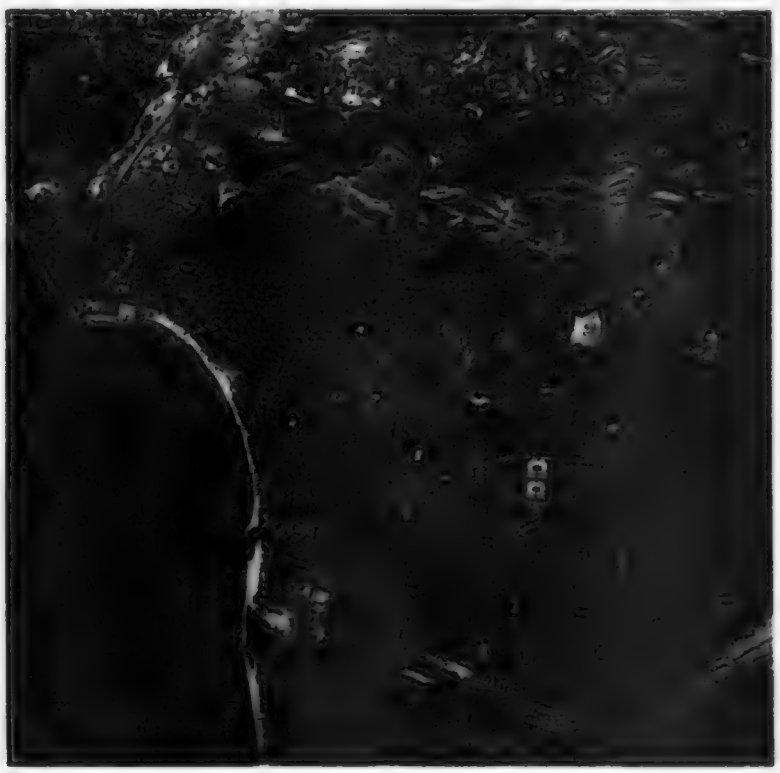
CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

All the bustling elements which made up the Gold Rush entrepot of Sacramento City in 1851 were captured in loving detail by the artist—including as a particularly elegant touch, a heaven-bound balloon.

TODAY, BOTH OF MAN'S ANCIENT OBSESSIONS with the heavens are being indulged with all the full-blown enthusiasm a remarkable technological progress can provide. We have not yet reached our first star, but we have achieved the moon, and our cameras have scanned the face of Mars; we are also getting a better look at ourselves than we have ever had before. The photograph at the beginning of this article and those at the bottom of this and the facing page document just *how* far in that direction we have gone.

The photograph overlooking Monterey Bay was taken from space in the summer of 1972. It is just one of nearly one hundred thousand photographs taken by the Earth Resources Technology Satellite (ERTS-1), launched from California's Vandenburg Air Force Base by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in July 1972 and expected to continue circling in its near-perfect polar orbit until the summer of 1973. Equipped with electronic sensors that respond to the fact that every object on earth—alive or inanimate—emits,

NASA PHOTO FROM U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY



Cities versus farms: a U-2 view of the Santa Clara Valley.

Overleaf: a Bird's-Eye View of the city of San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

No one of the hundreds of Bird's-Eye Views of nineteenth-century California captured with greater fervency the essence of municipal pride than this 1891 version of Fresno in the San Joaquin Valley. Banks, mercantile houses, Victorian mansions, horse-car lines, schools, churches, a railroad, and farms— it was, the view announced, nothing less than a new civilization.

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absorbs, or reflects light in a highly characteristic manner, the ERTS satellite "sees" the earth in three colors (infra-red, green, and red), then transmits its images back to the earth, where they are combined to create such photographs as that showing the Monterey Bay area. Scientists trained to "read" the photographs then translate the subtleties of color into units of information of invaluable service to such varied fields as agriculture, cartography, urban planning, seismology, hydrology, and ecology. By analyzing the checkerboard patterns of agricultural land in the San Joaquin and Salinas Valley sections of the photograph, for example, scientists can determine which fields are healthy and which are not—perhaps months before anyone on the ground might notice developing problems. Similarly, such photographs can reveal more clearly than any other means developing patterns of urban growth and the consequent loss of open space, problems all too familiar in the twentieth century.

A similar—and, in fact, related—project is NASA's "U-2 Imagery" program, which produced the photograph of the Los Angeles Basin on page 18 and that of the Santa Clara Valley of Southern California on page 19. Beginning in the spring of 1971, U-2 high-altitude reconnaissance aircraft have made an average of four flights a week (depending upon weather conditions) from the NASA data facility center at Moffet Field near San Jose, California. Flying in great, elongated S-shaped patterns at an altitude of 65,000 feet, the aircraft take photographs at the rate of one per second of great chunks of the California landscape—as well as that of many other western states. Designed as a kind of "backup" system for the more expansive (and expensive) ERTS project, the U-2 Imagery program, like ERTS, cooperates extensively with research programs of the United States Geological Survey.

A long distance away in time, effect, and purpose from the intricately-contrived Bird's-Eye Views of the nineteenth century, such modern satellite and aircraft photographs nevertheless satisfy the same atavistic urge to see ourselves from the remove of space. And if the modern equivalents lack the charm and artistic flair of the earlier attempts, they more than make up for these qualities in the impressive clarity of their images—and most particularly, in the wealth of scientific knowledge they can provide to a state and a world that will need all the guidelines that can be found to measure and assess the impact of an age propelled by the twin machines of urbanization and industrial technology.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Most of the illustrations in this article will also appear in *California: An Illustrated History* by T. H. Watkins, to be issued by the American West Publishing Company in May 1973. Through more than one hundred and fifty thousand words of text and nearly four hundred color and black-and-white illustrations, this 544-page volume will survey California's history from the age of Spanish exploration to the challenging present.

Living Wonders of the ROCKIES

Life and Nature at the Crest of a Continent

By Bette Roda Anderson

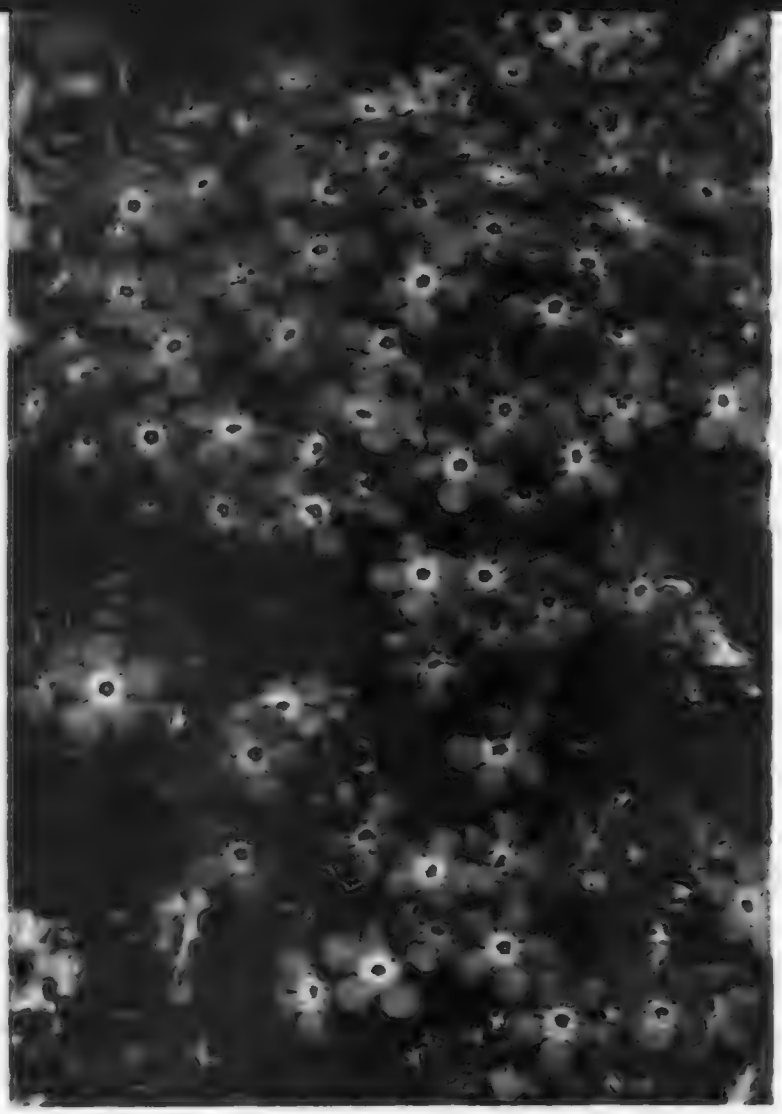
DRIVING WEST FROM THE MISSISSIPPI, through the grasslands and foothills that roll up to the snow and granite climax of Pikes Peak, one travels through three or four different lands, needing no more passport than a full gas tank and curiosity. The empire is Nature's; the border guards are the dominant plants that silently signal one's entry into each new country. The inhabitants of these lands write a history that spans millennia in the war waged by wind, rain, and lichen upon rocks, or decades in the mute struggle of fireweed, aspen, and ponderosa pine to conquer a foothill, or only moments in the death shriek of a jackrabbit felled by its ancient enemy the coyote. Change is constant here, but not anarchy; each life zone follows strict and intricate laws. One need only learn the language to read their stories.

Altitude and *latitude* are the basic words in the mountain lexicon; add to them a few terms such as *moisture*, *radiation*, and *steepness of slope*, and one can begin to understand how and why the Rocky Mountain plants and animals live where they do.

If the Rockies were a single ridge running directly north and south, the life zones would rise above each other in

Autumn in the foothills of Colorado's Sneffels Range.

DAVID MUENCH



JUDY SUMNER

Forget-me-nots.

straight, orderly rows. But the ranges also have canyons and ridges cutting east to west across the mountain chain. On north slopes the forest canopy is dark and dense, the ground damp and littered with rotting branches; there the winter snow persists into spring, soaking into loam and rock. On slopes facing south, the forest is more like a park, with sun glistening through pine needles and bathing a meadow here and there; winter runoff and an occasional rain trickles quickly through this warm soil, leaving it well drained and dry. Depending upon the quirk of canyon and ridge, life zone jostles life zone, and much of the wildlife existence here depends upon traveling and interchange among communities.

The grasslands meet the foothills in the rain shadow of the Rockies. Here the dominant plants are short and compact: grama grass, needle grass, buffalo grass—plants whose narrow leaves hoard water and whose roots need only one season to dig deep into the soil. A few short trees, such as rock pine and ponderosa, grow along streambeds and mingle with spiky juniper. The ponderosa pine survives on these lower mountainsides because it thrives in a warmer climate than other pines can tolerate and because, like the hardy grass, it sends down deep roots to capture groundwater.

Mountain life and plains life meet in this borderland, cleft with cool canyons and checkered with groves and grassy parks. Here the destinies of the kit fox, the plains badger, and the prairie falcon intertwine, as predator and prey, with those of the chipmunk, the mountain lion, and the golden eagle.

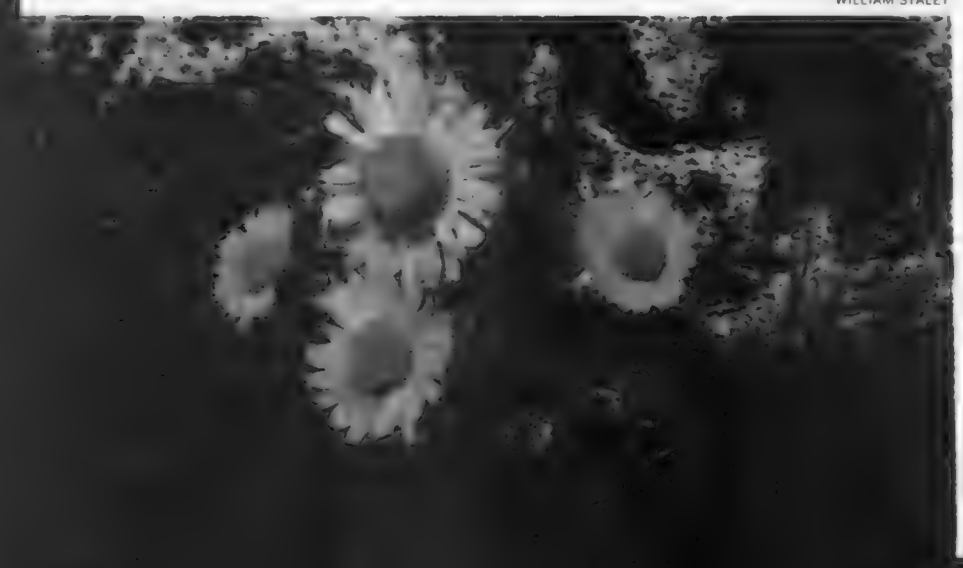
Above the foothills are the sunny, south-facing slopes of the montane zone, where the ponderosas stand at equal intervals, their long boughs not quite touching, their tops arrayed evenly against the sky, as if a gardener had surveyed their planting.

Ground squirrels and gophers are caretakers of these forest slopes. They tunnel into the area, scattering seeds and droppings, and in its constant search for the next juicy root, the

WILLIAM STALEY

Alpine lily.

WILLIAM STALEY



Purple thistle.

WILLIAM STALEY

Alpine daisies.

Columbine in bloom, Uncompahgre National Forest, Colorado.

DAVID MUENCH

pocket gopher turns and aerates the soil, buries dried top grasses, and brings subsoil to the surface—all activities which deepen the mountain sward.

Predator birds and coyotes follow the rodents. Deer and wapiti (commonly but erroneously known as elk) flock to the young forest to feed on seedlings and then, as the conifers grow large, leave for more promising forage. Soon a complex of food chains will link trees to bark beetles to woodpeckers to birds of prey, or pine nuts to squirrels to coyotes and mountain lions.

The important birds of the montane zone are also common elsewhere. Bluebirds, robins, and common ravens eat enormous numbers of grasshoppers and Mormon crickets that would otherwise devastate the grass and trees.

When lightning-kindled fire razes a mountainside, animals lose their homes and their food supply. Fireweed and kinnikinnick are among the first to reclaim the land for the living. Aspen seeds, carried by rodents and the wind, take root in moist, open spots, and seedling descendants of the former forest attempt to spring up through the ashes. After several fallow years, fallen leaves and rodent burrowing will have thrown a rich carpet of loam over the burned hillside, and the soil will be ready to nurture the lodgepole pine and full groves of aspen. Even barring a plague of insects, depredations by

loggers, or further destruction by lightning, however, the lodgepole forest will not be the final conifer to rule the slopes; fast-growing spruce and fir seedlings will germinate under the lodgepole shelter and soon overtop their benefactors, eventually gaining permanent preeminence. Only then will this forest have reached equilibrium with the land, to remain for the natural life of the trees.

Above nine thousand feet in the Colorado Front Range, the subalpine zone begins. Here, rooted in deep silt and clay loam, nourished by meltwater from more snow than falls anywhere else upon the mountains, the moisture-loving spruce is king. The spruce stand is a twilight forest with slight undergrowth; juniper and kinnikinnick try to withstand the constant shade but do not thrive as well as shade-loving mosses and lichens. The environment here is ideal for larger animals—the mountain sheep and wapiti—who frequently descend into the sheltered forest from higher, exposed, alpine meadows. This is also a hunting ground for the mountain lion, wolf, and coyote, who follow the migrations of their prey.

THE CONDITIONS THAT FAVOR ABUNDANT LIFE in the subalpine and montane zones do not exist above these borders; life at timberline, in the alpine meadow, and on the snow-locked peaks must run to a different rhythm to survive. From timberline to mountaintop, extremes are the rule, the peaks being colder, windier, and drier than the slopes. In the thin air at high altitudes, rock and meadow receive an intense solar bath; summer temperatures often rise sixty degrees during the day, only to plummet again to near freezing during the night. This is a land of grasses, sedges, tiny flowers, and

Western tanager. WILLIAM STALEY

clumps of ancient, stunted trees sometimes known as "elfinwood," that toil against the wind.

Animals commute between life zones here to a lesser degree than on the slopes, although the summer visitors—deer, wapiti, rabbits, and their predators—bring a brief burst of activity to the alpine meadows. But the natives of this high country are not travelers; marmots, ptarmigans, and pikas are old settlers who know how to make do when the snow is flying. The food chains that link these animals are shorter, simpler, and more fragile than those of the slopes. Decimate one of the native populations on a mountain peak, and it may never grow back as it probably would lower down.

At timberline Engelmann spruce and limber pine take their

Mule deer. DAVID SUMNER

Mountain goat. WILLIAM STALEY

Black-billed magpie. WILLIAM STALEY

last stand against the wind with its teeth of ice and sand. They try to send out branches on all sides, but the gale batters their buds and dries up their store of water so that only the branches on the lee side of the trunks can grow. A cluster of dead brown twigs tops each mature tree, telling of the harshness of winter.

But if they cannot grow up, branches grow out, away from the cutting wind. Timberline trees are thus smaller than those of the lower elevations, but they are much older for their girth, so that one needs a magnifying glass to read the history of their rings.

Traffic moves into this elfin forest from both above and below; some alpine residents who do not hibernate or are otherwise unequipped for the alpine winter come in under the

Yellow-bellied marmot. HERBERT CLARKE

White-tailed ptarmigan in winter. WILLIAM STALEY

forest canopy when snow falls. Pine grosbeaks and golden-crowned kinglets, some of the most typical birds of the peaks, move into the timberline region for shelter and stay through spring to breed and raise their young. Bighorn sheep, which forage for grass and sedges among the rockiest parts of the peaks, also retreat to timberline or lower when the weather grows cold.

Any greenness above timberline comes from sedges and grasses; these are shorter cousins of plants that grow on the prairies and in the foothills—all hardy colonizers of arid soil.

Alpine plants typically clump together in low, dense mats which absorb the sun's heat much as an animal's fur does; the intense color of their flowers and the deep green of their stems and leaves enhance this absorption. These plant clusters thus create their own microclimate in a harsh land. Even when the ground temperature around them is only a few degrees above

WILLIAM STALEY

Horned lark.

zero, within the plant colonies temperatures often rise to forty or fifty degrees.

Unlike the plants of the slopes, the peak-dwellers depend very little upon bees for fertilization. Other insects better adapted to the heights perform the bees' function. Here sphinx moths, butterflies, and dragonflies travel from bloom to bloom with their freight of pollen. The insects, too, are specialized species—darker than their lowland cousins, and thus more able to absorb the sun's warmth.

Summer comes suddenly to the alpine world. Snowdrifts linger into May and June, but underneath the snow's crust plants put forth tentative shoots in response to the longer days and more intense sunlight. Often buds pierce the snow blanket, to burst into bloom when the snow melts. One day all is white and severe, seemingly bare of life; the next, flowers of every hue cover the ground. The blue of sky pilot mingles with the gold of avens, the pink of mountain heather, and the purple of saxifrage. July and August are full of fierce activity, since these plants must make the most of the short season.

Animals that live on the heights year round must endure winter cold and lack of food. Rock slides provide the pika with an ideal home, but this short-eared relative of the rabbit must work hard to survive, for it does not hibernate. In late summer it frantically harvests grasses, cures them in the sun, and then stores them in the rocky crevices it calls home. The marmot, which looks something like a giant pika, also remains all year among the rocks and glaciers of the peaks, but during the winter it burrows in the soil and hibernates.

The ptarmigan, a small grouse, lives much as other birds do in the summertime, feeding on insects and plants. But in winter this peak-dweller molts its gray and brown feathers for a new coat of pure white. Fringes of long feathers on its toes serve as snowshoes, and when other birds are long gone, the ptarmigan roams the snowfields in search of buds exposed by the wind. Because this bird is so secure in its camouflage coat, it need waste little body heat in flying; rather, when predators threaten it huddles close to the ground, hoping to be passed by.

A Colorado aspen grove after an early spring rain.

DAVID SUMNER

Of the large animals, the mountain goat—found mainly in Montana and Idaho—comes closest to making a year-round home of the peaks. This shaggy-haired member of the antelope family subsists mainly on the lichen-like moss covering the rocks of the peaks. Since its food supply is perennial and available wherever the wind or its own pawing has uncovered rocks, it need not migrate like the deer. The mountain goat may seek shelter against the bitterest cold in elfin timber, but it prefers to remain high and remote among the rocks, living where others fear to tread.

WHEN CONTEMPLATING MOUNTAINS, we usually think in verticals, but for the Rockies this is only half the story. Anyone who has crossed the Continental Divide in Wyoming or the border between Utah and Colorado, where the highland unrolls into basin and plateau, can tell the other half; the region is as much plateau as peak; it contains the Wyoming Basin, the Colorado Plateau, and the Great Basin.

Basins and plateaus all are high, dry, and intensely radiated. In such inhospitable lands life cannot range freely—it must find or create islands of congeniality for itself. A jackrabbit reclines in its lightly shaded "form," or nest, under a shrub, and the kangaroo rat rests in its cool burrow underground. Sagebrush dominates the northern parts of the basins and plateaus, while the tougher shad-scale grows in the south and saltbush appears on alkaline margins of salt lakes or on playas, where other shrubs cannot grow.

Microhabitats are particularly important to the animals of the basins and plateaus. For most animals, survival in these regions means being active or dormant at the right times, as well as finding the right place to live. During the day, hawks, vultures, insects, and the heat-loving lizard are often the only moving things on a sagebrush flat. As evening falls, however, the pace of life quickens. Jackrabbits, kangaroo rats, and other rodents that have spent the day in burrows and shady nests come out to feed on shrubs and seeds, and a whole new set of predators appears from daytime shelters—owls, coyotes, kit foxes, and badgers, on the prowl for rodents.

Much of the night's frenzied activity takes place around water holes, lakes, or streams, because night is when most animals can afford to venture into the air to replenish the water they have lost in the day's heat. Because many predators come here not just to drink but also to eat, the watering spot is a dangerous place, and those who can drink fastest or who need the least water have the advantage.

Since they cannot move about, plants must adapt in growth and structure to their environment more rigorously than most animals. Their major obstacle to survival is aridity. Water is life to all plants; through water they receive the soil's minerals, and by combining water with the sun's energy they produce their own food.

Many plants in these arid regions are either "drought evaders" or "drought resisters." The first produces seeds coated with a chemical that rejects all but the best conditions for flowering. When just enough water washes the chemicals off the seeds, they burgeon, quickly putting forth roots, flowers, and leaves in a brief burst of vitality and rushing through their whole life cycle in one season. "Drought evaders" thus are annuals, germinating when the basins and plateaus are wet.

"Drought resisters" are perennials; these plants establish lasting roots and branches but grow new leaves and flowers only when they have enough water. Some even go through a plant's version of hibernation: the penstemon, mariposa, and sego lilies of the Great Basin grow stem, leaves, and showy flowers for only one short season a year. The rest of the time they exist only as roots and bulbs below the surface of the ground, where it is relatively cool and moist.

These high flatlands impose a strict husbandry on plant life; when a bush dies, many seeds of the same kind will try to spring up in the same place, but ultimately only one new shrub will grow, and the uprooted shrub will probably be replaced only by its own species.

Some of the basinland's most typical animals are grazers and wanderers; the pronghorn antelope, for instance, is keen of eye, swift of foot, and able to subsist on the toughest grasses and shrubs. Another basin animal that relies on speed and alertness is the jackrabbit. Even if the observer should miss seeing a pronghorn or a jackrabbit on the plains, he is sure to spot the bare, sun-hardened mounds kicked up by the white-tailed prairie dog, the area's most permanent resident.

Far above the plains of the Colorado Plateau is a canyon and tabletop community populated generally by plants and animals already seen on the slopes and peaks; ponderosa pine, oak, juniper, and sumac in the sunny, dry spots, and willow and cottonwood along the streambeds. Here one also finds beaver and mountain lion, the ubiquitous mule deer and jackrabbit, and the brilliant black-and-white magpie.

Most of the animals that frequent the Great Basin are not especially adapted for life in this hottest and driest of the flatlands; one animal, however, seems especially created for this forbidding environment—the kangaroo rat. It drinks no water and can subsist on a diet of dry seeds because the very process of digestion produces water within its body.

Varied as it is, the story of Rocky Mountain plants and animals has a common thread. On the peaks, in the basins and plateaus, even on the greater part of the slopes, life contends with high altitude, much sun, and very little water. The struggle for survival takes on an intensity suggested in the brilliant six-week flowering cycle of alpine plants, and sometimes a touch of the bizarre, as in the case of the kangaroo rat. Pondering the conditions for life in the Rocky Mountains, one concludes that the most amazing fact of all is the profusion and variety that exists there.

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COURTESY OF LESTER SCHRADER

Lester Schrader's painting, "Rape of the Records," depicts an episode in an Illinois county seat war.

COURTHOUSE COUPS D'ETAT

County Seat Wars in the Old West

By James A. Schellenberg

NEARLY ALL OF SPOKANE was at a wedding dance one night early in 1881. W. H. Bishop, however, was working late at his office on the corner of Main and Howard, in the frame building which served as the courthouse for Spokane County, Washington Territory. Bishop, who held the position of county auditor, little anticipated the events which were in store that night for him and Spokane County.

Suddenly Bishop's room filled with men. He recognized several as local officials, including the probate judge, a deputy sheriff, and a justice of the peace. He noticed that his other visitors all appeared to be from the neighboring town of Cheney and that most of them had come well armed.

Cheney was at that time a rival of Spokane for the county seat of Spokane County. Spokane had been named the temporary county seat in 1879, but there had followed a bitter election on the issue. Both Spokane and Cheney had claimed victory, and the courts had ordered a recount of the ballots. However, the court order failed to specify a date for the recount, and officials at Spokane seemed in no hurry.

The mission of the visitors soon became clear. They would wait no longer for a recount of the ballots. The men wanted it done that very night. Their means of persuasion were sufficient, and Bishop produced the appropriate records. The election returns were put in proper shape, and Cheney was duly declared to be the winner by a majority of seventy-one votes.

That same night the Cheney delegation returned home with the county seat. They had the papers certifying the change. They also brought most of the county records with them from Spokane, as well as the county auditor—abducted with the records. So successful was the raid that it was the following

BOTH ILLUSTRATIONS: EASTERN WASHINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Spokane (then called Spokane Falls) and Cheney, Washington Territory, as they appeared to Bird's-Eye-View artists in 1884, shortly after the county seat had been spirited from Spokane to Cheney.

morning before the residents of Spokane discovered that anything was amiss.

For six weeks the citizens of Cheney kept an armed guard over the county records. Gradually, however, as county business began to be regularly transacted there, the issue of county seat location subsided. But Cheney's tenure as county seat lasted only six years. In 1887 another election was held, and this time Spokane won easily. Ever since then Spokane has remained the county seat of Spokane County as well as the chief city of its "inland empire" region.

The dispute between Spokane and Cheney offers an example of a heated "county seat war." Such wars were occasionally fought as counties were carved out of the territories of the American West. These disputes were not usually resolved by physical force. However, as the example of Spokane County shows, the application of pressure sometimes did go beyond verbal persuasion and the formalities of law.

Why should the location of the county seat be the focus of such intense conflict? The two most common reasons were economic advantage and local patriotism. Land holdings in or near a town that was named as county seat were usually worth far more than those in a defeated rival. Even more important, frequently, was the matter of local prestige. Everett Dick has described this:

"Towns in the rival communities swelled with local patriotism and pride of achievement until their citizens felt the air was purer, the soil more fertile, the natural advantages in every way more desirable, than in the neighboring vicinity. When this spirit overcame two rival communities, nothing could be done until one or the other had triumphed."

In a years-long search for information on county seat wars, the author has made a county-by-county study of such incidents in twelve states and a less detailed investigation of those in each of the other thirty-eight. His investigation revealed eight county histories—including three in southwestern Kansas—that have been stained by the loss of human life over this issue. However, much more frequent than reports of death are tales of how local partisans forcibly seized the county records from a rival town. The study turned up accounts of more than fifty such cases; in most of these incidents, however, the application of force was not the decisive act in settling the issue. Courts usually failed to accept force as a legitimate way of choosing a seat of local government, and the issue was almost always ultimately decided on other grounds.

Nevertheless, there have been at least a few cases in which the forcible seizure of county records proved more decisive. It is to these cases of relatively successful "revolutions" that the main attention of this article is directed.

IN SEVERAL CASES A COUNTY SEAT was moved by force and this relocation sanctioned by law only after the fact. Perhaps the same outcome would have eventually occurred without the use of force, but the actual possession of the county records by a town appears to have played a central part in the outcome. Examples of such cases may be found in the histories of Roberts County, South Dakota, and Phelps County, Nebraska.

Wilmot, South Dakota (then Dakota Territory), lost an 1884 election to get the Roberts county seat away from Travare. There was some dispute about the manner in which the ballots were counted—the votes of two townships heavily supporting Wilmot were thrown out because of alleged irregularities—but the courts upheld the Travare victory. The citizens of Wilmot, however, would not give up so easily. Later that year a group was organized for a raid on Travare. One night its members hitched up their sleighs and started over the snow toward the rival town. In Travare they found the courthouse unguarded. Backing the sleighs up to the building, the raiding party loaded the safe and county records, and took them across the prairie to Wilmot. Wilmot was then able to get the territorial legislature to recognize the change the following year through a special legislative act. The normal procedures for selecting a county seat were clearly set aside by this legislative action, which served to make Wilmot the *de jure* as well as the *de facto* county seat.

Today Travare no longer remains. The only building still standing, a hotel in the old days, serves as an ample farm house. Wilmot still exists as a sleepy little town of five hundred persons, but it is no longer the county seat either. In 1898 an election was won by the faster-growing town of Sisseton, and one night county officials had the records moved suddenly from Wilmot, fearing that resistance might have arisen among Wilmot supporters had there been advance warning or undue delay.

In several other cases seizure of the seat of county government was followed by a local election legalizing the change. This occurred in Phelps County, Nebraska. Phelps Center had the county seat in 1883, when the town of Holdrege was established along the new railroad line. The townspeople of Holdrege wanted the county seat and immediately made plans to get it. While the county clerk was away duck hunting, a party from Holdrege arrived in Phelps Center with a spring wagon. A Holdrege spokesman drew a gun on the man who had been left in charge of the county records; the records were loaded into the wagon, and away went the county seat to Holdrege. At first the records were scattered in several places in Holdrege to prevent their recapture by Phelps Center partisans. However, when it appeared that Phelps Center was unlikely to make such an attempt (since that town, off the railroad, was clearly in decline), Holdrege put the county records in a new courthouse the town had built. Only after county business was already functioning in the new courthouse at Holdrege were the citizens of Phelps Center given the opportunity to express themselves on the issue at the polls. The voters of the county then decisively confirmed the change, so that the county seat could at last be moved officially, as well as actually, from Phelps Center.

South Pass City, Wyoming, now a ghost town. In 1873 its citizens "lost" the county records to prevent their removal.

The site of Travare, South Dakota, looking down what was once the main street of the county seat.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

The railroad at Wilmot, South Dakota—a key factor in justifying the town's theft of the county seat from Travare.

The technique of scattering records was used by Holdrege as a protective measure against counterrevolutionaries from Phelps Center. In other instances the same technique was used to oppose, as well as to defend, a county seat change. Citizens of South Pass City—now a ghost town but once a thriving gold rush center in Wyoming Territory—were acutely disappointed when the legislature decreed in 1873 that the Carter county seat was to be moved to Green River. They were so disappointed, in fact, that they "lost" the county records. Indeed, some of the records were never found, and the legislature was forced to make substitute provisions for the missing items several years later. Apparently some of the loyal townspeople of South Pass City decided that no government at all was better than being governed from Green River, though their wishes were thwarted by the legislature.

A somewhat similar attitude was expressed by early citizens of Howard County, Kansas. In the county seat elections of 1873, Elk Falls was declared the winner over the neighboring town of Boston. The Boston townspeople were not at all satisfied with the decision; they had put a lot of effort into the campaign and didn't want to see their hard work wasted. Among these efforts had been the regular hauling of water from a creek to an otherwise dry public well in the center of town, so that Boston could be advertised as having excellent water resources. So far as is known, the secret of Boston's lack of liquid assets did not leak out until after the election.

To express their dissatisfaction with the outcome of the election, a force of about one hundred fifty armed Bostonians with twenty-four wagons invaded the town of Elk Falls on January 19, 1874. They seized the county records and courthouse furniture, and carried them off to Boston, where they were kept under guard. When the sheriff of Elk Falls organized forces to get the records back, Boston supporters carted the records out into the countryside—some were even carried into a neighboring county. For a time all was chaos in Howard County affairs. Judge W. P. Campbell had several of Boston's leading citizens arrested, but this did not at once bring forth the county records. Finally the citizens of Boston agreed to return the county records to Elk Falls, pending the decision of the courts on their challenge of the election outcome.

The so-called "Boston War" failed to establish Boston as the county seat, and Boston is now extinct. But it did succeed in a larger, though unintended, task: ending the existence of Howard County. The county seat conflict had been a strain on local finances as well as local nerves. To make matters worse, the county treasurer skipped the county with half of the 1874 tax proceeds. Many citizens were not happy with the county seat rivalry, which appeared certain to continue. So a move to divide the county was supported with increased energy, and in the following year (1874) Howard County passed out of existence. Taking its place were two new counties named Elk and Chautauqua—and ironically, both Boston and Elk Falls were too close to the separating boundary to be serious contenders for county seat honors in either county.

Of course the Boston War didn't directly destroy a government. It simply created so much chaos that the move to end Howard County triumphed. Elsewhere, however, one can find instances of the actual destruction of county governments. In what is now South Dakota (then Dakota Territory), there was at least one such case. This instance occurred in Douglas County in May 1882, in response to officials' highly questionable conduct of county affairs. When the county had been organized the previous year, there were not more than eighteen actual settlers in the area, although the organizing petitions showed sixty signatures! As more settlers moved into the new county, they began to sense that something was wrong with their government. The county officials appeared to spend little time in the county, although they were busy signing commitments on behalf of its taxpayers. Their headquarters were at the settlement of Brownsdale, in a secluded part of the county where Walter H. Brown, chairman of the board of commissioners, had a few shacks. That this place was the county seat could scarcely be believed by the newer residents. And that the county officials were under indictment for fraud gave citizens even less confidence in their local government.

So it was that a committee of citizens was organized to provide corrective action. They went to Brownsdale one night in May 1882 and took away with them all books, records, files, stationery, the county seal, and anything else that looked as if it might be associated with county business. But unlike other county seat wars, the raiding party did not take the records to another town. They didn't *want* any other town as county seat—at least not right then. They had come to abolish the government, so they took the county records away and promptly destroyed them. When they were through, there was nothing left to conduct county business with. The county officers soon left the area, too, never to return. So the government of Douglas County, Dakota Territory, simply disappeared. This is probably the only case in American history where citizens abolished their county government. But, not being anarchists at heart, the good citizens of the area soon petitioned for a new county governmental organization. By the end of the year the county seat had been relocated at Huston and was then again moved to Grand View. Today none of these towns can be found on a South Dakota map, but Douglas County still lives, with its government functioning in good health at the town of Armour.

Directly east of Douglas County is Hutchinson County. It too had a county seat war, though in this case it was more a conquest of an adjoining government than an internal uprising. In 1873 the legislature of Dakota Territory divided Hutchinson into two narrow counties. The northern part became Armstrong County, with its seat at Milltown, while the southern part remained Hutchinson County, with its seat at Maxwell City (later Olivet). In 1879 the legislature decreed that the two counties be again united into a new Hutchinson County. Officials of Armstrong County, however, refused to cooperate with plans for a merger and continued to conduct business as usual at Milltown. Finally, one night in October 1880, the Milltown courthouse was raided, and the Armstrong County records were brought to Olivet. Since that time Hutchinson County officials have assumed jurisdiction over the former Armstrong County, with the latter quietly disappearing from the list of American county governments.

From these examples it seems clear that one misconception about American history should be corrected: It is generally held that there has not been a successful governmental overthrow in the United States since the founding of the nation. This is not quite true. As we have shown, there have been cases of successful overthrow by force on what some political scientists have called the "dark continent" of American county government.

Even so, very few county seat wars were settled by force. Instead, in the typical county seat dispute, the issue was fought at the ballot box and in the courts. Even on occasions when force was used, it was seldom decisive. For example, in the cases studied of the forcible removal of county records from one town to another, the conquering town had no better than about a 50 percent chance of holding the county seat for five years.

For a somewhat more balanced picture of activity in a county seat war, let us add another case study that shows how the attempt to apply the law, fully and persistently, could also prove decisive. For this example of the "rule of law" we turn to LaMoure County, Dakota Territory (now North Dakota).

The town of LaMoure apparently defeated Grand Rapids in the LaMoure county seat election of 1886. The board of commissioners declared LaMoure to be the new county seat, specifying a fixed time period that was to elapse before the removal of county records from Grand Rapids. John D. Ellis, chairman of the board of commissioners, was charged with supervising this removal.

The time specified before removal of the records elapsed at midnight, November 17, 1886. When that moment arrived, eighteen men approached Grand Rapids with four double wagons and four buggies. These men from LaMoure were led by Chairman Ellis, and their mission was to remove the county records. When they reached the courthouse they found it lighted, occupied, and locked. Ellis asked to enter but was refused permission. A six-by-six timber was brought up for use as a battering ram, but it was not used; the LaMoure group was at last allowed to enter the building. Inside were about twenty men, mostly armed with guns. Among them was the county sheriff, who pointed out to Ellis that it was best not to try to move the records—"or somebody will get hurt." But Ellis was not to be turned away from his mission. He demanded to enter the treasurer's room, where he was met by fourteen men, with fourteen guns. Nevertheless, Ellis explained that he had been legally charged with removing the

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An 1883 Expedition to the Grand Canyon

Pioneer Photographer Ben Wittick Views the Marvels of the Colorado

As Told By Tom Wittick

With an Introduction by Terrence Murphy

Following the Civil War, westward expansion in the United States entered a new phase as the railroads began two frantic decades of construction that would forge a network of rails across the continent. One branch of this rail building extended from Kansas along the route of the old Santa Fe Trail and reach the growing town of Albuquerque, New Mexico Territory, in 1880.

Among the many who followed the railroads to New Mexico was George Benjamin Wittick, who is today remembered as one of the leading early photographers in that region. Born in the East in 1845, "Ben" Wittick moved with his German immigrant parents to Moline, Illinois, in 1854. After serving during the Civil War as a private with the Second Minnesota Cavalry, he married, became interested in photography, and established a portrait gallery in Moline. In 1878, deciding to travel west, Ben signed on as a photographer for the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, one of two companies then building lines through New Mexico. The following year Wittick set up a studio in Santa Fe; then in 1883 he moved on to Albuquerque and formed a partnership with photographer R. W. Russell.

During these first years in the Southwest, Wittick traveled about the countryside of the New Mexico and Arizona territories photographing numerous points of interest. He concentrated at first on the landscape, as the following letter by his son demonstrates, but gradually became more interested in the native peoples of the area. In later years, working out of studios at Gallup and Fort Wingate, Wittick devoted much of his time and energy to the study and photography of the Pueblo Indians of the Rio Grande Valley and adjacent tribes of Apache, Navajo, and Hopi. His photographic record of these Indians stands today as a major document on native cultures of the Southwest. Wittick was especially interested in the Snake Dance of the Hopi Indians of Arizona and was the first person permitted to photograph this sacred ritual. In August 1903, while preparing for one of his annual visits to these dances, Wittick was bitten by a rattlesnake that he had captured for his Hopi friends. He died three weeks later in the Fort Wingate hospital, at the age of fifty-eight.

The letter reproduced here, in which Wittick's eldest son Tom describes for his mother and brothers back in Moline a photographic trip to the Grand Canyon, is of interest for several reasons. It serves to introduce some of the earlier work

George Benjamin Wittick (1845 – 1903).

of Wittick the photographer, and it provides entertaining sidelights into the business of making stereoscopic views for popular consumption. The letter is also an important personal document in that it reflects the excitement of the times as seen through the eyes of a perceptive young man. This camping trip may have been a business venture, but for Tom it was all adventure.

Of course, by 1883 a trip to the Grand Canyon was no longer particularly unusual. From the tiny railroad town of Peach Springs, Arizona, stagecoach transportation was available to various points along the two-hundred mile south rim of the canyon. But very few visitors had actually seen the canyon from within, and for a teenager from Illinois, this was quite an experience.

The letter by Tom Wittick and all of the photographs, except as noted, are from the collections of the Museum of New Mexico at Santa Fe, where more than one thousand of Ben Wittick's original negatives and prints have been preserved. The assistance of Arthur Olivas, photo archivist at the museum, is gratefully acknowledged.

Albuquerque, N. M. April 1883

DEAR CHARLIE, MAMMY, GRANDMAM, AND THE BOYS! I suppose that you all feel 'humpy' at not getting a letter from me sooner, but the truth is that I haven't had much writing time since I got back, and after I had a letter finished I found that I had made some mistakes and had to rewrite it.

We started from Albuquerque for Arizona Monday, the 26th of last month and were gone not quite two weeks. We didn't view [take stereo photographic views] any along the road this trip, except at Johnson's Cañon. Pap made a good set of views of the part of the Grand Cañon which we visited, and of the Indians who inhabit it. He will start out again soon to view the towns along the road.

These towns are big ones: there isn't a town along the A. & P. [Atlantic & Pacific Railroad] in Arizona that would make two blocks in Moline. Before the railroad went into that part of the country there were no white settlements except Mormons, and most of the northern part of Arizona is still unknown to whites.

There are a great many Mormons in the Territory. Three

En route to the Grand Canyon, the Witticks crossed the spectacular Canyon Diablo Bridge near Winslow, Arizona. Ben Wittick made this view of the span on a subsequent visit.

SANTA FE RAILROAD

of their towns, St. Joseph, Brigham City, and Sunset, can be seen from the railroad, and there are separate ranches scattered over the country. They work on the cooperative plan, all property belonging to the settlement in common. Their fields all looked well worked and neat, and they are the only farmers in the country, except some of the Navajos.

We left Albuquerque at half after eight in the evening, and so didn't see any of the country of western New Mexico as we passed it in the dark, and in the morning at breakfast-time we were at Manuelito, Arizona. Seventy-five cents for breakfast here. This is in the Navajo country, and the place is always full of them. Eastern Arizona is mostly like the country around Albuquerque, but further on toward the San Francisco Mountains it is rougher, and heavily timbered—big pine forests. There are four or five sawmills along the road.

During the day we passed over Cañon Diablo Bridge, 312 miles west of Albuquerque, and Johnson's Cañon Bridges,

Tom Wittick, Ben's eldest son, was seventeen years of age when he wrote the letter published here.

about 400 miles west. Cañon Diablo is 60 miles in length, and about 265 feet deep at this point. It is a sort of big crack in the level country all around, and you can't see it until you are right onto it. The big iron bridge across it is 600 feet in length, and cost $250,000. Cañon Diablo couldn't be found in the vest pocket of the Grand Cañon.

Johnson's Cañon is crossed by two iron bridges, each as big as Cañon Diablo Bridge. There is a tunnel near Johnson's Cañon, about 125 yards in length.

At Williams we got some dirty and badly burnt grub. Reached Peach Springs, which is as far as the passenger runs, at midnight and slept in the car all night. In the morning, transferred our outfit to a store kept by somebody that Pap knew. He seems to strike acquaintances everywhere.

Peach Springs is a place of about twenty rough buildings and tents, all business places, and all but one sell whiskey. It was pay-day there, and some of the rail-roaders were "happy" and "paralyzed," and cavorting around and dancing jigs to admiring audiences.

Pap struck another old acquaintance named Will Brockway, who belonged to the R. R. Water Service. He was bossing the job of laying a line of water-pipe from the Peach Springs to the station of Peach Springs. He took us and our outfit out to his camp, about two miles from town. We made a bargain with him to take us to the Grand Cañon, he to furnish transportation and grub. In the evening we got an addition to our party, two Albuquerque fellows, who wanted to see the Grand Cañon, and have some shooting. We had an immense supper and slept in Brockway's tent.

The wagon ride into the Grand Canyon was a rough one, but the resulting vistas were impressive.

GOT UP EARLY IN THE MORNING and after getting outside of more handsome grub, packed our things into a wagon, and started for the "Grand Cañon of the Colorado," distant about twenty miles, and about a mile lower than the camp. The party consisted of Brockway, Bill the teamster and cook, Jo Johnson, Jim Henderson, Pap and myself. We stopped at Brockway's lower camp at the Springs for a short time. Very beautiful scenery right around the Springs, peach trees in bloom, big cottonwoods, and patches of green grass. The springs are the best kind of water. There were a lot of the Walapais camped there, a sort of nomad race of Arizona, something like the diggers. Some of the kids were picturesquely clothed in a necklace, and some with a piece of string through their ears. Their daddies were engaged in the romantic occupation of picking lice out of their heads. The famous "Captain Jack" of the Walapais was one of the crowd. He was pretty well "heeled"; he had a Winchester, a "Colt's 45" and a bowie. "Cappum Zshack" (as he called himself) imparted to us the mournful information that he was going first "to the nice place Hackberry, and then me go way off where white man never see me no more, live dere all same, and all time die dere." We got pictures of the whole gang.

Started from the springs for the cañon about nine o'clock. The trail to the Grand Cañon is through a cañon named Spring Valley. Pretty scenery all through it. In some places the walls tower straight up for a thousand feet. The country around here is all cañons and "washes," tributaries of the Grand Cañon. This section of the country is one of the very few places where the Grand Cañon is accessible, in all its great length, and in such a place you can't expect to hear of walls a mile straight up, where you can fall off and not touch till you reach bottom, etc. The road was bad. The road was very bad. It was worse. The wagon was crawling over boulders, jumping around and threatening to fall to pieces all the time. It was the cussedest road I ever saw. Going twenty miles through a stone-quarry would almost have been a pic-nic in comparison, and I had to stay on the wagon, to keep the instruments from being thrown off. . . .

The cañon and all of this country is covered with all kinds of the cactus family—barrel-cactus, which grows somewhat in the shape of a big watermelon, and sometimes five feet high, bunch-cactus, tree-cactus, cane-cactus with stems fifteen feet in length, yucca, mezcal, Spanish-bayonet, and lots of other kinds. All kinds of the prickly-pear, with some leaves a foot in

A view near the party's first campsite in Diamond Wash, where the Diamond River enters the Colorado.

diameter. The wood around here is scrub-cedar, mesquite, and grease-wood.

Late in the after-noon we reached the Colorado River, in the cañon. For eight or ten miles on the trail coming down, we could see where Spring Cañon entered. A big peak, the "Sentinel Peak," or "Liberty Cap," seems to stand at the entrance. We camped within a hundred yards of the "Big Colorado of the West," at the junction of the Diamond River, or wash. Diamond River is about four feet wide and six inches deep at this time of year. It is small, but all there is of it is good, the best kind of water, and it is big enough to answer all purposes required of it. Where we camped is the part of the Grand Cañon which Col. Meline described in his "Two Thousand Miles on Horseback," but he described it without having seen it. Very few people have seen the Grand Cañon, and I ain't ashamed of having been there.

Meline describes the Grand Cañon as being three thousand feet deep at the mouth of Diamond River, and over a mile deep a few miles east. Around our camp the walls are about three or four hundred feet high, which is about the average height of the first ledge in the walls of this part of the Grand Cañon. Right across the river from the camp is a cliff which rises two thousand feet or a half mile, from the river. The part of the Cañon which we visited is not a box-cañon, narrow, and with walls straight up for a mile, where you can roll a rock off, and it will bounce from one side of the cañon to the other, before it reaches bottom, etc., but the walls are shelving, straight up for a space, then a ledge, and then the wall again. But the higher you get, there are always walls again. An old prospector told us that when you get on top of the half-mile cliff on the other side of the river, there are walls higher yet, further back. Powell, a government surveyor, with the only expedition that ever went through the whole length of the cañon, in his report stated that there were places in the cañon where the sun never shone.

The country around here is kinder sorter broken, all cañons and washes, and that is why the river is accessible here. In the places where the cañon is a box-cañon, and with such steep, tremendous walls, it can't be viewed [photographed], unless months were devoted to that one object.

WE SELECTED A CAMPING PLACE by a big granite rock, which we used as a table. Fixed up a piece of old tent at the end of the rock as best we could, though we couldn't find poles long enough to fix the thing so it would shed rain. Then we cooked supper and ate it. (Of course we ate it.) Then it began to rain, and it did rain. We crawled under the old piece of tent and suffered. The rain came through in streams and wet everybody, made the ground all mud, and wet the blankets. We sat up as straight as we could, trying to dodge the leaking places. By and by it got so dark you couldn't smell. All that could be seen was the cigar lights all around the tent. Everybody tried to tell their funniest stories, and we kept laughing all the time. Jim Henderson, our funny man, was full of funny stories, and could beat an Irishman at putting on the brogue. About midnight we "went to bed," crawled in between wet blankets, with wet ground underneath, and the rain coming in from above. But we slept pretty well, disturbed once in a while by "Jim" and "Jo" quarreling. They were chums, and always quarreling. Called each other "Fatty" because both were so lean. In the morning we got up all right. A fellow can't very well get sick in this air. Had an immense breakfast, corn and tomatoes stewed together, steak, bacon, and quail, which Jim shot on the trail down. Pap made some stereos of the camp. After breakfast we got out some lines, and set them in the Rio Colorado, in hopes of catching on to something. The fish of this river is the Colorado salmon.

We all left camp and traveled over a rough two or three miles of heaps of sharp granite rocks and boulders, up the river. Tremendous scenery. Great crags and mile-high peaks all around. Big rocks hanging over hundreds of feet above, that looked as if they might hurt a fellow if they happened to fall on him. The river is very crooked, and sometimes the water itself cannot be seen more than a quarter of a mile. But from

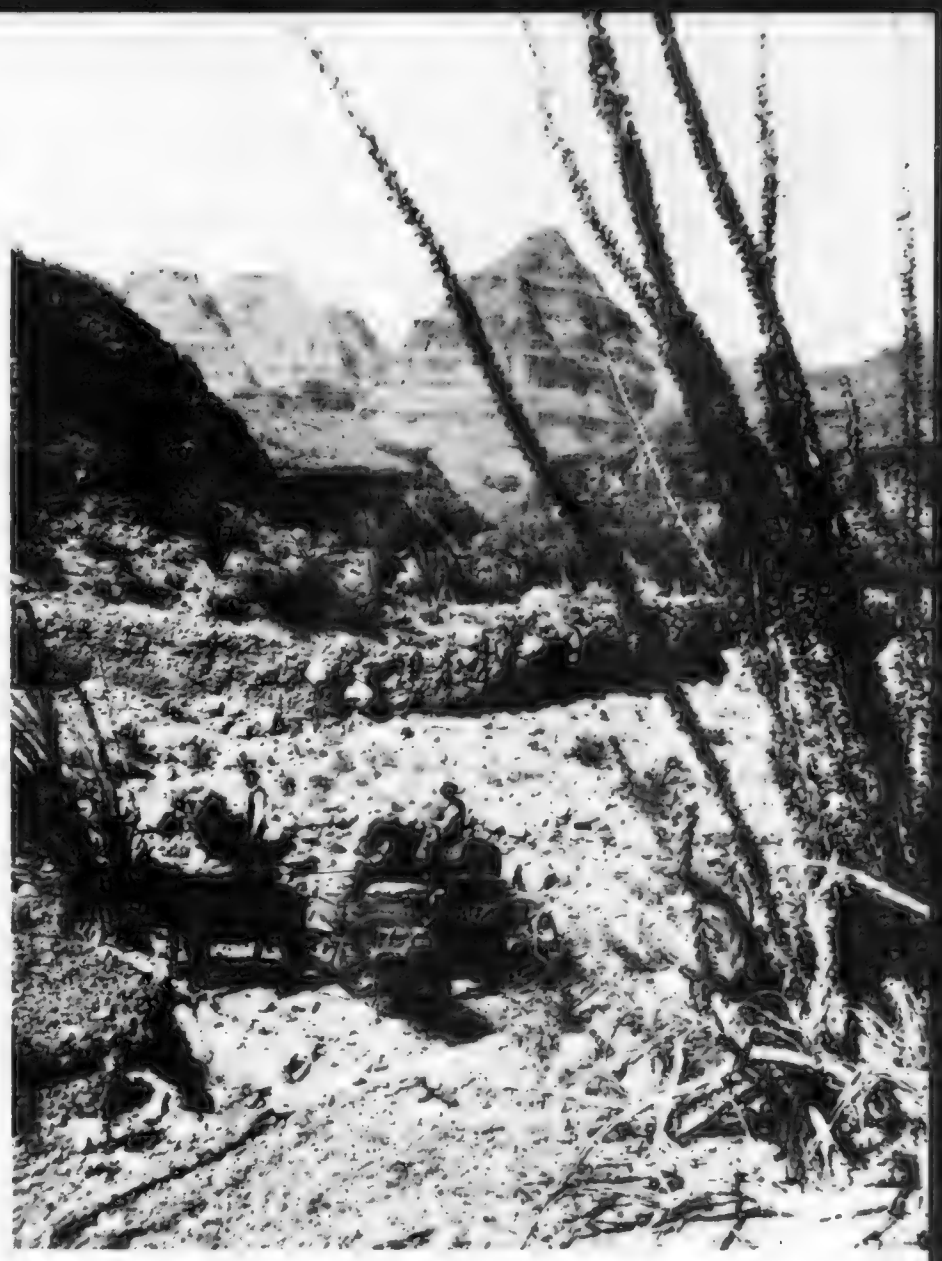
where we were we could see the walls of the cañon for eight miles down, where the river makes the "great bend," around a big plateau, where the cañon is a mile deep, and over. The Colorado River here is, on an average, near two hundred yards wide, and nobody knows how deep. The old prospector, "Badger Jim," says it is from fifty to a hundred feet and over, and at high-water it is forty or fifty feet higher. It is very rapid. Where we were is about five hundred miles from the Gulf of California.

Pap got some splendid views, looking up and down the river. He and Brockway climbed up three or four hundred feet, and rolled big boulders crashing into the river, and the cañon would echo for miles. Pap also made some boat-scenes, of some of the fellows in the old prospector's boat.

THE SECOND NIGHT we slept more comfortable. On the second day we determined to get on top of the big half-mile cliff just across the river. To get there we might have to make a detour of miles to find a place where we could climb, but if Pap could have got on such an elevation, he could have made some tremendous views of the cañon. We crossed the river and entered a small box-cañon not thirty feet wide at the mouth, but after we got up two or three miles it widened out into a big cañon. At its mouth we found big logs and driftwood more than fifty feet above the present level of the Colorado. If we ever had rough climbing before, we had rougher now. We kept climbing over a succession of ledges, some of which we had to go around, and others we pulled each other up by the hands. We left camp at about eight o'clock in the morning, and travelled till about three in the afternoon, but didn't find a place where we could climb the cliff. But we got some splendid cactus pictures. Then we started for camp. About as hard going as it was coming. It is necessary in some places to walk on your pistol-pocket. Reached home late, tired as usual.

In the evening Pap and Brockway climbed a cliff near camp and began rolling boulders down. I commenced climbing the face of it after they were up, and when I got about half way up, a big boulder came tearing down straight for me. It just missed me. I was pretty near scared to death, but I reached the top all right. It was about dark when we commenced to go down. Couldn't see where to go, and the boulders had loosened everything on the way down, and we didn't know whether we would reach bottom alive or not, but at last we got down and I quit feeling pious.

This was our last night in the Grand Cañon. In the morning we got ready to leave. While the things were being packed, Pap made some pictures of the rapids and the whirlpool in the river. We started about nine o'clock, but stopped after going a ways, while Pap and Brockway went up the Diamond River, viewing. We started again after eating dinner. Pap made several views on the road up. We made half way to Peach Springs by night, and camped near a big band of Walapais. The mules ate the last of their hay and didn't get any water. We couldn't



The photographer's wagon, with Sentinel Peak in the background. A large ocotillo looms at right.

find any water for camp purposes, and we hired an Indian to show us water. Pap and I took a bucket and canteen and followed him about a half mile down the main cañon, and then way up a side cañon, and at last he stopped at two small holes, each about the size of a bucket, which the Indians had hollowed out. They were at the base of a ledge or terrace, through which the water filtered. It takes a whole day for those holes to fill. We cleaned them both out. "Old Sock" was sure not to forget to ask "How much one get pay?"

We camped within fifty yards from the Indian camp and while we were cooking and eating supper, we had a large, attentive, and curious audience of squaws, papooses, and old men. Most of the men talk some American, and most of them are in uniform, having been Apache fighters. There are some pretty good-looking ones among them, but on the average they are not much better than the "diggers" of California. To use the poetic language of "Bill Nye," they are a "cross between a coyote and the measles." They live mostly on the root of the mescal, and what rabbits and bighorns they happen to meet. They are too poor to waste ammunition, and several fellows told me that they knock the head off of a jack-rabbit

A solitary expedition member contemplates the mighty Colorado. Four-thousand-foot Temple Peak juts up beyond the far canyon wall.

most every shot, at a hundred yards. Most of them have Winchester rifles.

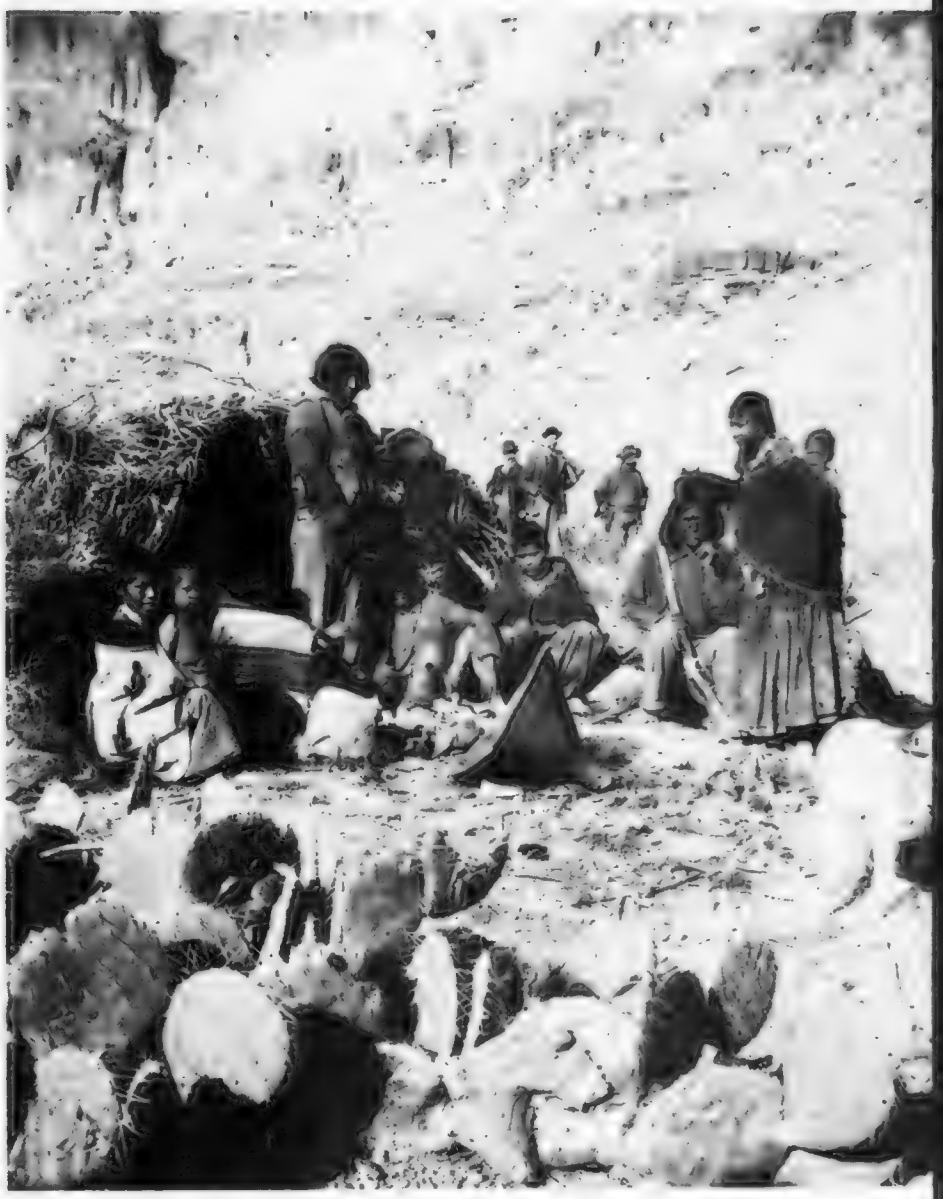
We slept in the open air, that is we tried to sleep. We were kept awake pretty near all night by the infernal racket which the Indians kept up. They had a sick buck and papoose, and doctored them all night, danced and rattled and chanted, trying to scare the evil spirit out of them, probably. If he didn't scare he was a tough one.

A good many of these Indians have died lately, of small-pox and starvation. The government feeds and keeps the Apache, who goes on the war-path every year just out of pure cussedness, while these poor cusses, who have been faithful friends of the government for ten years, and fought Apaches, don't receive any notice. They were all near starving a short time ago, and there was a scare for a while of their going on the war-path. They cremate their dead, burning the buck, his horse and weapons together.

In the morning we gave them all the flour we had left, if they would let Pap make a picture of them and their "wickee-ups." Made eight stereos and two 11 x 14's [large eleven-by-fourteen-inch plates] of them. After we were through, something seemed to strike them. They couldn't understand what that kind of a circus meant, anyhow, unless it was to make harm come to them, and give us a charm over them. One of them acted as spokesman and came over to us and asked, "All Injins die now? That make all Injins go dead, eh, bymeby, mebbe?" We tried to explain to him, and he asked us if we were "Mormon." We told him, "Of course," and that seemed to satisfy him. For the Mormons make it a point to always keep on the good side of the Indians, and the Indians place more faith in "Mormon," than they do in "Gentile."

The mules had no breakfast and no water, and it was hard work for them, pulling a load over a rough road, and up-hill. They had to stop and rest about every fifty yards. But about three o'clock we struck Brockway's camp, and both the mules, and the "other animals" had an immense dinner.

Near Peach Springs the Witticks met Walapai chief "Captain Jack" and his family.



Later the party camped near a settlement of several Walapai families and their "wickeeup" dwellings.

Jim and Jo started for town in the evening, but we stayed over at the camp all night, because Pap wanted to make some pictures of Peach Springs. But the next day it blew like blazes, and we waited for the next, and then it "blew and snew," and we couldn't get any pictures of the town. But we got a couple of stereos of a hard looking crowd in front of Stephen's store. Saw a "pistol-play" in the store in the afternoon. Most every man in this country wears a "Colt's 45."

WE TOOK OUR THINGS over to the train in the evening and started east about one o'clock in the morning. Stopped off at six o'clock at Fairview station in the San Francisco Mts. Fairview consists of a section-house and a box-car telegraph office. Kept our outfit at the telegraph-office, and grubbed at the section-house. After breakfast we walked up to Johnson's Cañon Bridge, through the snow, and made stereos of the Bridge and tunnel. Bears were seen in the cañon, from the train, while we were coming out, and we kept our eyes peeled, hoping to get a whack at them, but they kept out of sight. The telegraph operator told us that the country around here is full of game, bear, deer and rabbits.

Snowed all day. Snow a foot deep. We did nothing all the rest of the day, and you bet it was hard work. We slept in the telegraph office, and in the morning started for Albuquerque, stopping nowhere.

Near Manuelito, we passed through five or six miles of Navajo farming country, dotted over with their "jogandas" or houses. Saw a couple of herds of their horses, each having two or three hundred head.

The Navajos are the richest tribe of Indians in the U.S., and they excel the civilized Indians in the manufacture of blankets and silver ornaments. If a Pueblo is trying to make a trade with a white man, and wishes to set a big value on the article, he calls it "Na-va-jó."

We reached Albuquerque at half past four in the morning.

Expedition members dine at a solid granite "table." Tom is standing behind the boulder, second from left.

A couple of the "boys" try their hand at fishing from an old prospector's boat.

We have been printing the Grand Cañon views ever since we reached home, and have printed eight or ten gross, but have not got much ahead yet.

I RECEIVED YOUR LAST CARD since we reached home, and a letter from dear old Mammy. To answer her question of how I like this country, and if I think it would be a good place for us all to live in, etc.—I like this country pretty well to live in for a while, and to travel through, to see curious things. Everything is different here than the East. It is a new country, and yet it is an old one. It was settled nobody knows how long ago, by a civilized race, the cave and cliff dwellers, and by the Aztecs, and then by Indians who lived in cities and were civilized when the Spaniards came, and live just the same way still, and then by the Spanish, before Jamestown or Plymouth were thought of. There are curious things wherever you travel in this country—the old ruins, the Pueblos, the old Spanish towns, the many different tribes of Indians, the mines, the hot springs, the country itself and the natives and their mode of agriculture. But I wouldn't like to live here always, and I don't think Mammy would like to either. She might like it for a short time. One don't know what a country the Mississippi Valley is until he has traveled beyond it, and can make a comparison from observation. A Mexican or Pueblo farmer wouldn't know what to do with himself back there.

I think that if Mammy could get a home "by the Falls of Minnehaha, in the Land of the Decotahs," that would be the place.

When the contract for the rent of this building is up (sometime in June) Pap can tell whether he will start back East or have her come out here for a while. It depends on whether he takes the place for another year, or not.

But he might take a notion to start through Mexico, or he may get on the Government Geological Survey again. "Quien sabe."

Tom

Terrence Murphy, *who prepared the introduction for this article, is working toward a doctor's degree in American history and art at the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque.*

In awesome stillness, a last, lingering look at the majestic canyon of the Río Colorado.

A Matter of Opinion

Two Philosophies For Conservation

TO THE EDITOR:

I want to express my enjoyment in reading the article "The Enduring Sandhills" by James P. Jackson in the January 1973 issue of THE AMERICAN WEST. As a graphic description of a geologic area with related plant ecotypes and biologic communities, it has seldom been exceeded. With respect to the philosophy expressed in the last two paragraphs, however, my viewpoint differs from that of Mr. Jackson. Because the movement toward the conservation and renewal of our soil and biologic communities is badly divided on these grounds, perhaps some comments are in order.

The first concern of the United States government in regard to land was the attempt to develop procedures which would assure the most equitable distribution of the lands commensurate with the well-being of the country as a whole. As the frontier grew smaller and fewer parcels of land were available for private ownership, the next step became the preservation of the resources of the remaining public lands. From the beginning of this movement, two different philosophies in regard to how this should be accomplished came into being: (1) the removal of certain tracts from productive use; and (2) the placing of large areas under conservation management while leaving them in productive use.

The first of these policies resulted in the National Park Service and its related but smaller operation, National Monuments. At least until the past few years, these areas included only the most significant and valuable examples of our national heritage. Their retirement from productive use was a necessary step for public use and enjoyment. They were insignificant as suppliers of food and timber for the country as a whole. What they have done and what they are doing to revive and keep healthy our human resources is incalculable. If our population remains reasonably static, these lands may be kept as they are indefinitely.

The second of these policies was based on the premise that lands intelligently managed and whose production is harvested on a conservative basis, can retain their productivity and beauty indefinitely. The formation of the U.S. Forest Service was the first step in the implementation of this policy. In the early 1930s the Taylor Grazing Act took under federal administration the remainder of the public domain. In the later thirties a very fine but smaller program was also introduced, the Land Utilization Program, in which submarginal or badly run-down tracts were purchased from private owners. These were then treated intensively and gradually returned to carefully administered productive use, often to more suitable crops than they produced originally. In addition to these programs the U.S. Soil Conservation Service came into being in the middle 1930s (as the Soil Erosion Service), working with private agricultural and woodland operators on an educational basis and aiding private operators financially in construction of conservation structures and land treatment. Part of this program, the so-called "Soil Bank," was instituted to reduce crop acreage but actually did more good by taking out of production and resting the less productive tracts. Criticism may be made in regard to the administration of all these operations, but they have achieved much so far and with encouragement surely will improve the beauty and productivity of range, farm, and timber lands.

So long as there is a balance between the retirement of tracts solely for enjoyment and recreation, and the continued use of lands under crops, these two philosophies can remain compatible. Now, however, there is a growing clash between them because there is appearing an imbalance, in the West at least, in the favor of the former. This imbalance destroys the incentive toward conservation of our renewable resources. It penalizes those, in the private and public sectors, who have and are operating under the best known methods of soil and water conservation and who are succeeding in their endeavors. One wonders if the best interests of the country will be served if this trend continues.

H. H. Bennett, who fought for soil and water conservation in the 1920s and 30s and did much to convince Congress of the need for such action on private and state lands as well as on federal, seems to be the forgotten prophet of present-day conservationists. His creed, as applicable today as it was then, was to "treat each acre according to its needs; use each acre within its capabilities." A great body of sound conservation information has been built up over the past fifty years or so. We have hard, accurate information to apply to decisions governing plans for this country's rural areas. If all segments of our society, acting jointly, can apply this information fairly and intelligently, I believe we can come up with some better answers than we are now getting. We can continue to feed, clothe, and house our people, take proper responsibility for hunger in the world, and still have educational and recreational areas for our urban population.

William M. Thompson

A MATTER OF OPINION *is provided as an open forum. Contributions from our readers are invited, but should be limited to 750 words and must be signed.*

The McKenney-Hall Portrait Gallery of American Indians

REVIEWED BY JAY MONAGHAN

PICTURES OF NORTH AMERICAN Indians are almost as old as recorded American history. As early as 1505 a red man's portrait, printed from a wood block, appeared in a published volume of Amer-

The McKenney–Hall Portrait Gallery of American Indians by James D. Horan *(Crown, New York, 1972; 373 pp., illus., biblio., notes, $29.95).*

igo Vespucci's letters. The artist had never actually seen an Indian, and his crude sketch, drawn from imagination, shows the feathered headdress that cigar-store Indians would wear four hundred years later. This fanciful interpretation of a supposedly typical red man, wearing the same headgear, was for many years reproduced on the U.S. penny until displaced by a likeness of Lincoln in 1909.

Half a century after the Vespucci book was printed, pictures by two artists who had actually seen red men were published. These drawings—by Jacques Le Moyne and John White, who visited North America in the sixteenth century—are more amusing than historically accurate because the engraver, Theodore de Bry, altered them. In one illustration, Indian maidens pose in a composition suggestive of Botticelli's "Birth of Venus," while in others they resemble the Three Graces and Venus de Milo. For two centuries afterward these distorted pictures were plagiarized, redrawn, and disguised. During the early nineteenth century, a few other artists who knew the red man—Samuel Seymour, Peter Rindisbacher, and James Otto Lewis—also drew inconsequential pictures of Indians.

Finally, in 1836, the first of three volumes comprising the now-famous McKenney portfolio of Indian pictures was published. Here, at last, was an acceptable portrait collection of Indian chiefs painted from life!

Now James D. Horan has condensed these three gigantic tomes—originally printed in a staggering fifteen- by twenty-inch format—into a single nine- by twelve-inch volume containing 128 full-page, full-color Indian portraits. This book also includes the first complete biography of Thomas Loraine McKenney, a veteran of the War of 1812, intimate of Washington politicians, U.S. superintendent of Indian trade during 1816–22, and head of the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs during 1824–30.

Presidents James Monroe and John Quincy Adams realized the importance of dealing with Indians from a position of strength rather than weakness, and over a period of years groups of chieftains from many tribes were brought to Washington, D.C. to see for themselves the wealth and military might of the United States government. As a senior government official relating to Indian affairs, McKenney often arranged for hotel accommodations and planned formal receptions. During the first of these festivities, in 1821, Washington society buzzed over a story concerning one of the Pawnee visitors, who had defied his tribe by saving the life of a captured Comanche maiden. The Indians had assembled to sacrifice her at the stake, but at the last moment the young man had cut the girl loose, and the two escaped on swift horses.

This young Pawnee's heroic deed thrilled many young ladies in Washington. One wealthy student from "Miss White's Washington Seminary" invited the Indian to a reception at her home, and with "her young heart thumping in her chest like an imprisoned bird," hung a silver medal around his neck. At this and similar functions, Horan relates, McKenney's idea of a government Indian portrait gallery was born. He commissioned Charles Bird King, a well known artist, to paint likenesses of the noble Indian visitors, and magnificent portraits soon covered McKenney's office walls. (See "Invitation to Washington—A Bid for Peace," *American West*, January 1972, pp. 18-31.)

In 1824 McKenney campaigned vigorously to get James C. Calhoun nominated for president. John Quincy Adams was nominated instead, and after becoming president he appointed Calhoun Secretary of War. Calhoun created a Bureau of Indian Affairs in his department and repaid his political debt to McKenney by making him its first superintendent. As the dedicated head of this bureau, Horan tells us, McKenney "traveled seven thousand miles on horseback, canalboat, steamboat, stagecoach, and canoe to negotiate treaties with the tribes in the south and northwest, agreements that would influence the shape of the frontier for generations."

Andrew Jackson became president in 1829, and because he was an Indian fighter from the West, McKenney—the red man's champion—soon lost his position. He was nevertheless determined to publish lithographic reproductions from his gallery (which by this time had grown to a collection of nearly 150 portraits), and induced a popular midwestern author, James Hall, to cooperate in the venture. They produced three volumes which have since become valuable antiques eagerly sought by collectors.

Horan's skillful editing of these unique volumes is an important contribution to American history. This book tells a vital story, and its reproductions of Charles Bird King's lithographs are excellent. (Most of King's priceless original oil paintings were lost in an 1865 fire at the Smithsonian Institution.) In picture after picture the Indians look out at the reader with their sharp eyes, some shrewd, others proud and unafraid. A few chiefs are half-naked; others are well-dressed prosperous plantation owners. All are genuine Indians, and students of the early West can be grateful to James Horan for republishing these portraits and providing an apt commentary.

Jay Monaghan *is consultant for the Wyles Collection of Western Americana in the University of California, Santa Barbara, library. Editor of* The Book of the American West, *he has written eight other volumes concerning the West.*

The Beginning of the West: Annals of the Kansas Gateway

REVIEWED BY LEO E. OLIVA

THIS HISTORICAL WORK, first presented in twenty-four installments in the *Kansas Historical Quarterly* (1961–67) and now expanded, is more than a chronological record of events in pre-territorial Kansas. Because so much of the activity in the West passed through the Kansas gateway, these annals are also a chronicle of the trans-Missouri West to 1854. The coverage and research are thorough, and the major topics (all of which testify to the appropriateness of the title) include Indians, explorers, fur trade, Indian trade, Indian-white relations, reservations, missions, military expeditions, forts, the Santa Fe and Oregon trails, the Mexican War, the gold rush, and many others. The list of explorers who traversed Kansas is a veritable who's who of the early West. In addition this detailed work contains references at the end of each entry, twenty maps, forty-eight illustrations and a sixty-page index.

The Beginning of the West: Annals of the Kansas Gateway to the American West 1540-1854 by Louise Barry, foreword by Dale L. Morgan, introduction by Nyle H. Miller *(Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, 1972; 1,296 pp., illus., maps, appen., index, $14.75).*

The natives, Spanish, and French in the West receive their due, but this book mainly is a documentation of Anglo beginnings. Consequently the amount of information presented increases dramatically with the passage of years; the period from 1540 to 1840 requires less than one-third of the volume's pages. The treatment of one area in which this reviewer claims some competence, the Santa Fe Trail and trade, is so inclusive that it must rank as one of the most useful histories on the subject.

This outstanding source book is surely destined—because of comprehensiveness and reliability—to be one of the most consulted and footnoted publications in the field. The late Dale L. Morgan, who contributed to the final product and wrote the foreword, summed up its value best when he stated that "this monumental compilation" is "a book to exemplify and document the superb breadth and depth of the Kansas story, seen in larger context. There cannot be the slightest doubt that it must influence all future scholarship relating to the American West."

The Beginning of the West is not designed to be read straight through, but its format and material invite extensive browsing. Hours of pleasurable reading make it an ideal gift for anyone fascinated by the westward movement. Not only is the volume attractive and authoritative, its price (just slightly over one cent per page) makes it a true bargain.

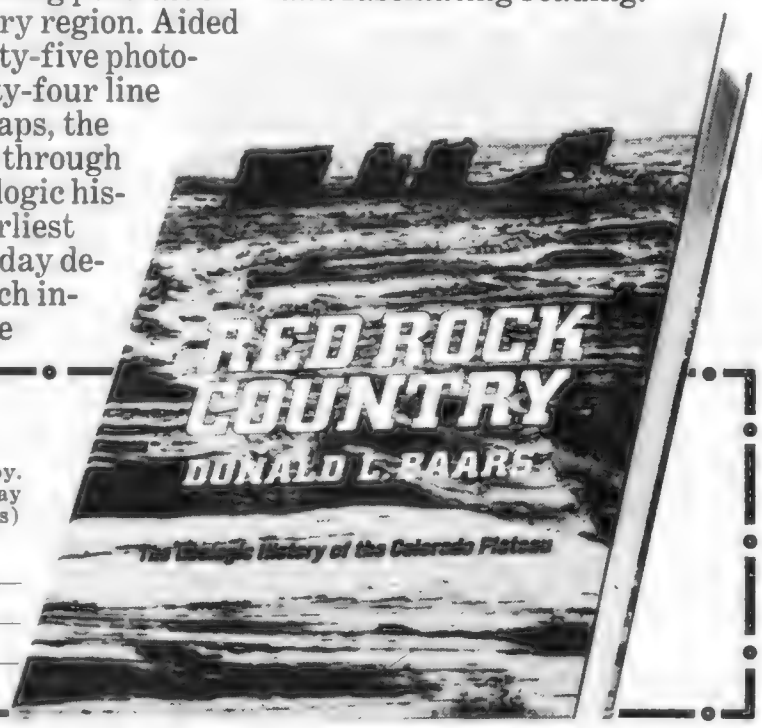
Leo E. Oliva *is professor and chairman, Department of History, Fort Hays Kansas State College, and the author of* Soldiers on the Santa Fe Trail.

Three billion years of Red Rock Country

At the convergence of the states of Colorado, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico lies the red rock country of the Colorado Plateau. Relentlessly through the ages the rivers have carved these magnificent Canyonlands, exposing to our view the records of departed deserts and seas. Algal flats and small sea creatures rendered into stone are overlain by rock layers containing crustacea and fish, and the stony casts of dinosaur foot prints. Man himself is not neglected by the preserving stone; his drawings and pottery, the ruined houses of vanished Indians and the scratched names of John Wesley Powell and other explorers remain behind.

RED ROCK COUNTRY is a detailed and exciting portrait of this extraordinary region. Aided visually by twenty-five photographs and thirty-four line drawings and maps, the reader is guided through Canyonland geologic history from the earliest times to present day developments, which include the damage wrought by damming and the ever-constant search for oil.

For anyone planning to visit the Grand Canyon area, this geologic history is important and fascinating reading.



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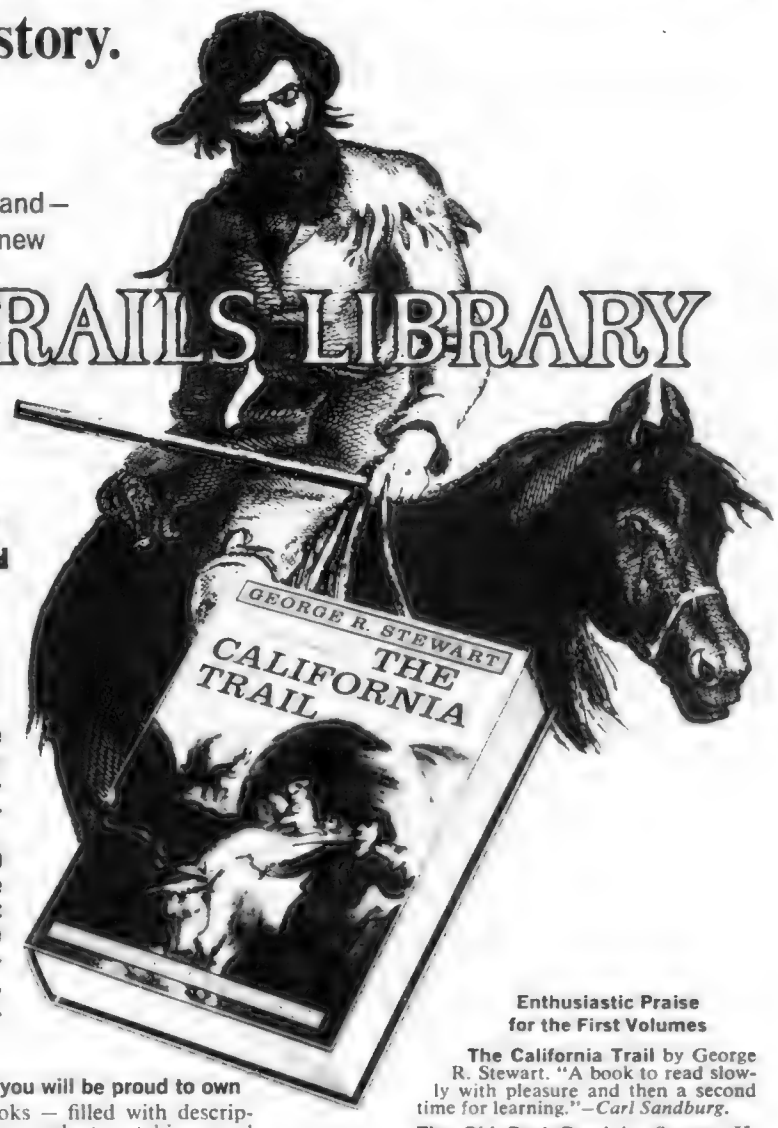

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Sand in A Whirlwind: The Paiute Indian War of 1860 by Ferol Egan, foreword by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. *(Doubleday, Garden City, 1972; 316 pp., illus., map, biblio., notes, index, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY RICHARD G. LILLARD

FERROL EGAN'S VOLUME, centering on the Paiute leader Numaga, joins the lengthening shelf of works that present the history of the American frontier from the Indians' point of view. Egan's numerous Paiutes and the smaller tribe of Washos, led by Captain Jim, are presented as a group of human beings varying from headstrong to wise, as are his whites, who range from Indian-haters and racist ruffians to fair-minded settlers or officers like Col. Frederick Lander.

Here is the essential story of Paiute destiny from the 1840s on—the steady encroachment by whites and their destruction of wild game, fishes, and pinenut trees, together with the seizure of meadowlands, choice riverside campsites, and women. The loss of native resources agonized astute chiefs, who saw the futility of armed resistance.

A breaking point came in 1860 when Numaga, who had counseled peace, found himself driven to war. As white columns advanced north toward the Utah Territory's (later Nevada's) Pyramid Lake, Numaga and his well armed, mounted warriors skillfully fought the invaders in two major battles. In an engagement in late May at the big bend of the Truckee River, the Indians killed Maj. William Ormsby and sixty-nine soldiers. On June 2 at the Battle of Pinnacle Mount, Capt. Edward Storey and two dozen others fell. Subsequently the Paiutes, far outnumbered, hid out in the rocky desert to the north until the whites finally gave up and returned to Virginia City, Carson City, and other towns to the south. The Paiutes had creditably stood off strong expeditions; yet in the years that followed, their resources and privacy continued to be overrun by whites.

Egan has combed related sources in western collections and in the National Archives, from the earliest records down to recent studies, and his coverage of secondary materials is admirable. He develops his research data, old and new, into a coherent narrative, and when he uses verifiable information his treatment holds firm. It weakens and turns unconvincing when he overwrites, as in some battle scenes, or when generalizing about the motives of whole groups of Indians or of "the boys"—the mining town whites. Most of his statements of what individuals thought are patently fiction in the old-fashioned mode called "the intrusive author." With the exception of these novelist's interpolations, however, *Sand in a Whirlwind* is an enlightening, unified account of how a notable, eloquent chief took a resolute stand against massive, persistent trespass—against the destruction of a civilization.

The epilogue mentions the Ghost Dance religious movement started in the late 1880s by Wovoka, a Paiute, and foredoomed to fail; the twentieth-century reclamation projects that have kept Truckee River water from reaching Pyramid Lake; and Sen. Patrick McCarran's long, nagging effort—which did not succeed—to take from the Indians their Pyramid Lake reservation. These topics add to the overall sadness of the book's impact.

Richard G. Lillard, *a professor at California State University, Los Angeles, is author of* Desert Challenge: An Intrepretation of Nevada, *and co-author of* The Great Southwest (*American West, 1972*).

Twentieth-Century Montana: A State of Extremes by K. Ross Toole *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1972; 307 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $7.95).*

REVIEWED BY T. A. LARSON

AS THE AUTHOR acknowledges in his introduction, the title *Twentieth-Century Montana,* which suggests comprehensiveness, is misleading. It does not fit a book 90 percent of which deals with the drought and dry-farming disaster of 1917–19, Anaconda Copper Company's pervading influence during 1903–25, World War I witch-hunts, and the travail of progressivism in 1912–24.

Toole, who is a professor of history at the University of Montana and the author of *Montana: An Uncommon Land* (1959), defines his study as "a kind of 'portrait' of cyclical twentieth-century patterns in Montana." Later he returns to this idea: "Montana has been cyclically beaten, battered, and bruised. It has often been misgoverned, exploited, lied to, and lied about." Unfortunately, demonstration of the cyclical character of the events selected for special treatment is omitted. The pattern for rainfall could have been documented, but one would need evidence before believing that other cycles exist.

Toole calls his book a "generalized" work, written for the general public rather than professional historians. His production deserves popularity because it is well written and is derived from many primary and secondary sources. Although footnotes are scarce, there is a bibliographical essay. Toole has surpassed previous "generalized" accounts in his analysis of the role of banks in the dry-farming debacle, and he has added new insights with respect to the University of Montana academic freedom cases of Louis Levine and Arthur Fisher.

Only in the last eighteen pages does Toole truly venture beyond the year 1925. Here he summarizes the later history of Anaconda's captive press down to 1959 when all the papers were sold. Here also he contemplates the "grim" picture of slow economic growth (not peculiar to Montana and not necessarily grim). He laments the presence of smog in Missoula, yellowed pine trees around Columbia Falls, and refinery fumes at Billings, then ends on a mildly cheerful note, suggesting that probably Montanans have a better chance to preserve their environment than people do elsewhere because so much of Montana's land and space remains untouched.

T. A. Larson *is William Robertson Coe Professor of American Studies at the University of Wyoming.*

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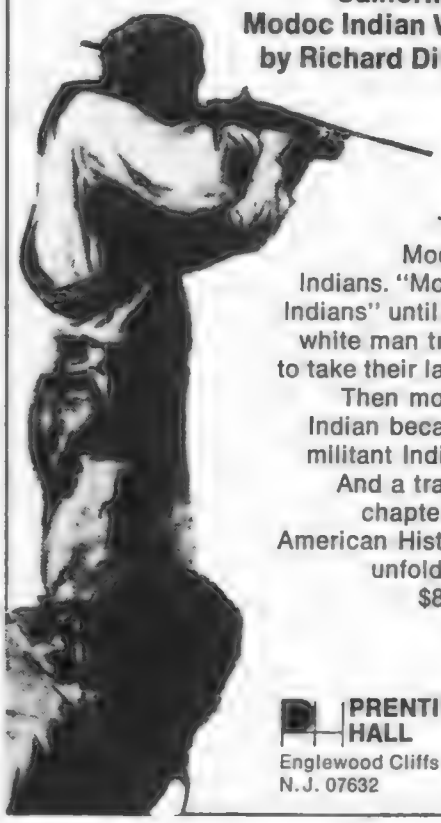

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The Buffalo Head: A Century of Mercantile Pioneering in the Southwest by Daniel T. Kelly with Beatrice Chauvenet *(Vergara Publishing Co., Santa Fe, 1972; 288 pp., illus., map, biblio., appen., index, $7.95).*

REVIEWED BY
WALLACE IRVING ROBERTSON

AFTER HARRIS NEWMARK WROTE *Sixty Years in Southern California* nearly sixty years ago, no comparable record was made of commercial enterprise in an area of the West until Daniel T. Kelly, with the competent help of Beatrice Chauvenet, gave us *The Buffalo Head* in 1972. Like Newmark's story, this book is more than just a record of western commerce. It is the well-told story of the author's business, family, and acquaintances, and his personal experiences and recollections spanning the period between frontier times and the space age. It is also a history of western times and places as viewed by a westerner. Daniel Kelly might truly quote Aeneas, the Roman hero: "All of which I saw, much of which I was." He has bolstered his memories with original documentary material from his firm's records, contemporary photographs, newspapers, periodicals, and legal instruments. But, besides being replete with dates, named places, unhackneyed illustrations, appendixes, bibliography, and index, *The Buffalo Head* is a story filled with humorous incidents and human-interest episodes of an enterprise that grew up during those years between the days of frontier barter and the chain-store present. It is the story of a business firm and its relationships with Anglo, Indian, and Mexican customers, competitors, friends, enemies, and neighbors under the influences of climate, geography, economy, politics, wars, laws, and society, told with an understanding born of a lifetime of experience and study.

Author Kelly's collaborator, Beatrice Chauvenet, has earned her place as an artist in transcription of an author's words into printed pages. In this art she ranks with Angie Debo, Nellie Snyder Yost, and Helena Huntington Smith.

The Vergara Publishing Company has given us a worthy shelf companion for Josiah Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies*. But, better than that, it has given us more evidence that the West is, at last, maturing enough to provide writers and writing of a quality that will cancel in part, at least, the tonnage of trashy rubbish given the trite title of "winning the West" and the illiterate works of alien, self-nominated "interpreters" who have been "reading" the West for us.

Wallace Irving Robertson, *a member of the Western History Association, has been a contributor to the* Westerners' Brand Book *and to a number of western history and travel magazines.*

ABOUT OUR REVIEWS

OUR PURPOSE in presenting book reviews in THE AMERICAN WEST is to help readers decide which current books they will find useful or enjoyable. Like our articles, books reviewed are limited to the history, archaeology, anthropology, geology, wildlife, and ecology of western North America.

Reviewers are asked to present a concise but educated appraisal of a book's scope, content, and appeal, bearing in mind that our readers include many professional specialists as well as general readers.

Selecting reviewers is not a simple task. We try to avoid all three of humorist Art Buchwald's typical reviewers: "(a) the college professor . . . who uses it as an opportunity to discuss everything he knows"; "(b) the author who has written on the same subject . . . and has no intention of letting [his rival's] history replace his own"; and "(c) the editor's reporter friend who needs $25 . . . so he just types up everything printed on the inside book jacket."

This is not to say there are not many college professors and authors and even an occasional friend of the editor among our reviewers. There are also librarians, museum directors, businessmen, and once or twice a United States senator. Any reader who is interested in reviewing books for THE AMERICAN WEST, and who feels that he is well informed on a particular subject, is invited to write to us.

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Spanish Military Weapons in Colonial America 1700-1821 by Sidney B. Brinckerhoff and Pierce A. Chamberlain *(Stackpole Books, Harrisburg, 1972; 159 pp., illus., biblio., glossary, index, $14.95).*

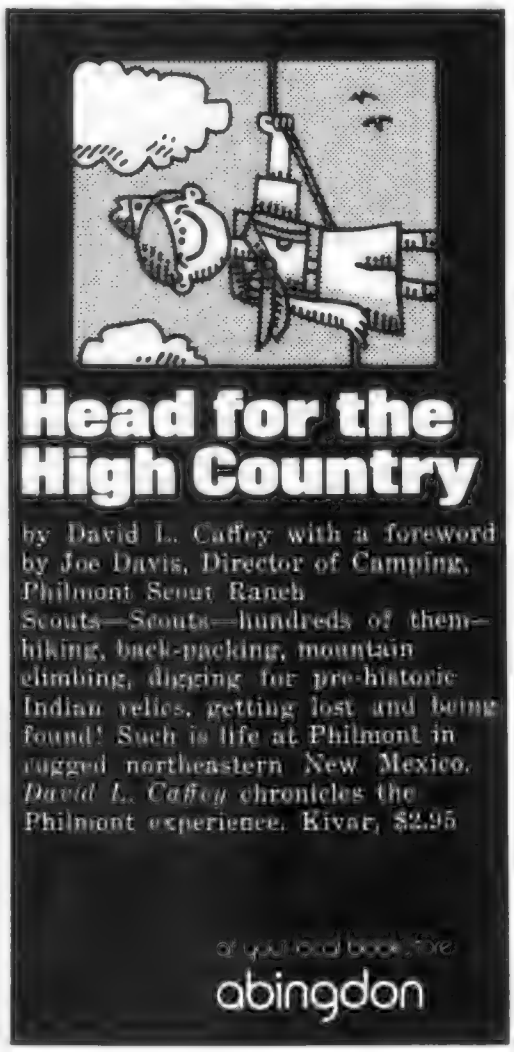
REVIEWED BY RUSSELL E. BELOUS

HISTORIANS ALWAYS have been more comfortable wrestling with the written and spoken word than with inanimate objects. Only in recent years has the historian joined the museum curator and private collector for a more critical look at man's crafts. Architecture and the fine and decorative arts first received this attention. But recently, the focus has also been on firearms, edged weapons, armor, and related accoutrements. This may be because we are now viewing the latter as works of art—which rival the best in ceramics, bronzes, and paintings—or perhaps because weapons mirror man's technological achievements and social failures. Irregardless, their study offers significant clues as to how a society's growing relationship with science and technology has affected its culture.

Unhappily we have often viewed the Spanish impact on North America in the simplistic form of discovery, exploration, settlement, and final defeat. In this long-awaited, profusely illustrated volume, Brinckerhoff and Chamberlain have combined scholarship, design, and artifact description in creating an important and usable catalog of Spanish colonial firearms, accoutrements, swords, polearms, knives, bayonets, and cannon. Especially notable are the descriptive captions and well-printed halftones. All of the listed artifacts are pictured, some with several detailed views—in all, a generous 274 plates. But this Spanish military weapons catalog offers a much more generous coverage than that which usually accompanies a checklist. Both the text and captions chronicle Spain's successes and gradual failures, explained here not in the usual broad sweep of history but in such details as musket pattern changes, edged weapon terminology, and many other examples of the effect of Spanish traditionalism on both the hardware and thus the actions of the individual soldier.

Until now students of this subject had to rely mostly on W. Keith Neal's *Spanish Guns and Pistols* (1955) and *A History of Spanish Firearms* by James D. Lavin (1965). While the latter, particularly, will remain for some time as the classic form of archival research, successfully combining the Spanish language, literature, and Spanish firearms history, we must applaud Sidney B. Brinckerhoff and Pierce A. Chamberlain for sharing with us the results of their persistent research. Advanced collectors will probably argue with some of the authors' generally "conservative" attributions. Historians will note several transposed dates and unclear summaries of Southeast history. But minor errors will not obscure the fact that *Spanish Military Weapons in Colonial America 1700–1821* will serve for some time as an example to the museum profession of how collections should be researched, described, photographed, and published.

Russell E. Belous, *chief curator of the Historic Pensacola Preservation Board, is author of* A Distinguished Collection of Arms and Armor on Display at the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History *and co-author of* Will Soule, Indian Photographer at Fort Sill 1869–74.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Land Grab: The Truth About "The Winning of the West" by John Upton Terrell *(Dial, New York, 1972; 277 pp., biblio., notes, $6.95).*

REVIEWED BY LAWRENCE B. LEE

THIS IS A DISTURBING book to read, but then the author intended that it should be. It is boastfully polemical in character since it is all about "the West that Americans like to forget." Informed by a simplistic economic interpretation of history and the currently fashionable ethnic criteria for judging the past, the author has rewritten a portion of American western history, eliminating the heroes and highlighting a perspective "from the bottom up," as it were. In his effort to correct the celebrated "Anglo-Saxon," woodsman-yeoman farmer, and entrepreneurial version of the frontier encounter, the author achieves a powerful impressionistic effect by compiling incidents of massacres, wanton violence, genocidal exploitation, and the degradation of America's native race. As a corrective for traditional western history this volume should be required reading for the "now" generation.

The professional historian, however, must enter a caveat to the pretensions and methodology of this work. First, there is the troublesome title of *Land Grab,* for the book does not pretend to relate the complicated history of American land disposal. Nor does the subtitle quiet apprehensions. What is this truth that the author has discovered about the West and its history? There is no incident nor historical reconstruction depicted here that has not appeared in print before. The author has not uncovered new sources to add authority to his censure of traditional versions of the "winning of the West." Equally disturbing are the sweeping generalizations that condemn all whites in their relations with the Indians. This is judgmental history with a vengeance. Still, there abides with the reader, after closing the book, a lingering sense of the author's special contribution. American frontier history from the viewpoint of the American Indian has been a centuries' long "war of the red and the white" entailing unnecessary social strife and fear.

Lawrence B. Lee *is a professor of history at California State University, San Jose.*

Indian Life on the Northwest Coast of North America As Seen by the Early Explorers and Fur Traders During the Last Decades of the Eighteenth Century by Erna Gunther *(University of Chicago, Chicago, 1972; 277 pp., illus., map, biblio., appen., index, $15.00).*

REVIEWED BY BRIAN W. DIPPIE

THE TITLE OF Erna Gunther's book is self-explanatory. Her work, the outgrowth of a long career in West Coast ethnography, is not a study of Indian-white relations nor of white attitudes towards the red man. Rather, the author's interest is in deriving as much concrete data as possible regarding the various West Coast Indian cultures in the last quarter of the eighteenth century from written sources, and in correlating this data with the available artifacts to create an in-depth portrait of these cultures at points of initial and sustained European contact. In short, the book is an ethnohistorical treatise with the emphasis heavily on ethnography. Its basic value for historians, in addition to the information it provides on Northwest Indians, will be the light it sheds on the routes taken and points reached by Russian, Spanish, English, French, and American seamen during this period.

Professor Gunther writes in a matter-of-fact style that is only occasionally enlivened by extracts from contemporary journals and reports. At her best she is like a fascinating tour guide to alien cultures—for example, when she explicates an Englishman's slightly baffled reaction to a Nootka welcoming ceremony. At other times her zealous pursuit of facts and meticulous commentaries on artifacts will weary all but the most determined lay reader, however much they may intrigue the anthropologist.

The book is attractively designed, with an unusually wide outer margin which, in dictionary-fashion, is occasionally embellished with relevant illustrative material. Given the precise geographical references in the text, the one map provided is woefully inadequate, and the two appendixes will be of interest primarily to specialists.

Brian Dippie *teaches American cultural history at the University of Victoria, B.C.*

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Two on a Big Ocean by Hal Roth *(Macmillan, New York, 1972; 288 pp., illus., maps, appen., notes, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY DON GREAME KELLEY

NOTHING SO VAST as the Pacific Ocean, which embraces virtually half the surface of the earth, can conceivably be "covered" by one voyage. Nor is it even possible for us to really visualize this geographical entity in its entirety. Take, for example, the endpaper hemispheric chart in *Two on a Big Ocean:* something less than four-fifths of the "big ocean" appears, but even that portion is so vast that the track of Hal and Margaret Roth's 18,538-nautical-mile voyage drawn upon it seems to encompass but a minor portion. From San Francisco the Roths sailed their thirty-five-foot sloop *Whisper* to the Marquesas, the Society islands, Rarotonga, Samoa, the Ellices, Gilberts, Carolines, and Marianas; thence to Japan and through the Aleutian chain to Ketchikan, out to the Queen Charlottes of British Columbia, and straight down to San Francisco without further landfall. The ellipse thus described encompasses only a part of the North Pacific Ocean, with a small dip to south of the Equator.

Much can be made of geographical immensity, the feel of which is certainly here in Hal Roth's verbal and photographic sweeps over the world's greatest geographic entity. More significant is the voyagers' sweep through time, as represented by the respective life-styles of, say, the Gilbertese and the Japanese. The Roths clearly desired to master the sea as sailors and as human beings. But their better reason for the somewhat hazardous and certainly expensive undertaking, it may seem to many of their readers, was to call upon their fellow human beings and get at least a little bit acquainted. This they did with a success that brings the chief enrichment to the book. The Roths like people, and it shows in the manner in which they introduce us to their many new and some old friends, out there on a big ocean.

Don Greame Kelley *is editor of* Oceans *magazine and author of* Edge of a Continent: the Pacific Coast from Alaska to Baja *(American West).*

The Disenchanted Isles: The Story of the Second Rebellion in Hawaii by Theon Wright *(Dial, New York, 1972; 304 pp., illus., biblio., index, $7.95).*

REVIEWED BY BRETT MELENDY

THEON WRIGHT, a long-time newspaper reporter in Honolulu and schooled in the liberal political traditions of Hawaii, has set forth his interpretation of the success of the Democratic Party, headed by John A. Burns during the 1950s, in leading the islands' struggle for statehood and in building a new state government. *The Disenchanted Isles* recounts the history of Hawaii's two revolutions. The first revolution, in November 1893, was led by sugar planters, *Kamaaina haoles*—whites, mostly Americans who feared loss of their land. Following territorial annexation in 1898, the "Big Five" sugar companies dominated the economic scene and controlled politics.

The rise of second generation Japanese in Hawaii, some fifty years later, built a counterforce to the Big Five. Wright sees the life and career of U.S. Senator Daniel Inouye as a symbol of the new Hawaii. Inouye and other Americans of Japanese ancestry joined John A. Burns to unify these citizens in reshaping the Democratic Party, and this movement culminated in 1954 with Democratic control of the territorial legislature. Wright explains sympathetically the motivation of those who participated in this second revolution.

This political revolution eventually sent John Burns to Washington to lead in the successful move for statehood and subsequently elected him to three terms as governor. But the author suggests that the revolution, based upon economic and sociological conditions, has substituted a new power structure for the older one run by the Big Five. Some observers agree with Wright that the spirit of the second revolution has been lost.

Wright believes that, in spite of increasing racial tensions, an amalgamation of races is in process. He recounts what is a familiar story to those knowledgable in recent Hawaiian history.

Brett Melendy *is author of* The Oriental Americans *(Twayne, 1972) and a professor of history and vice president for community colleges, University of Hawaii.*

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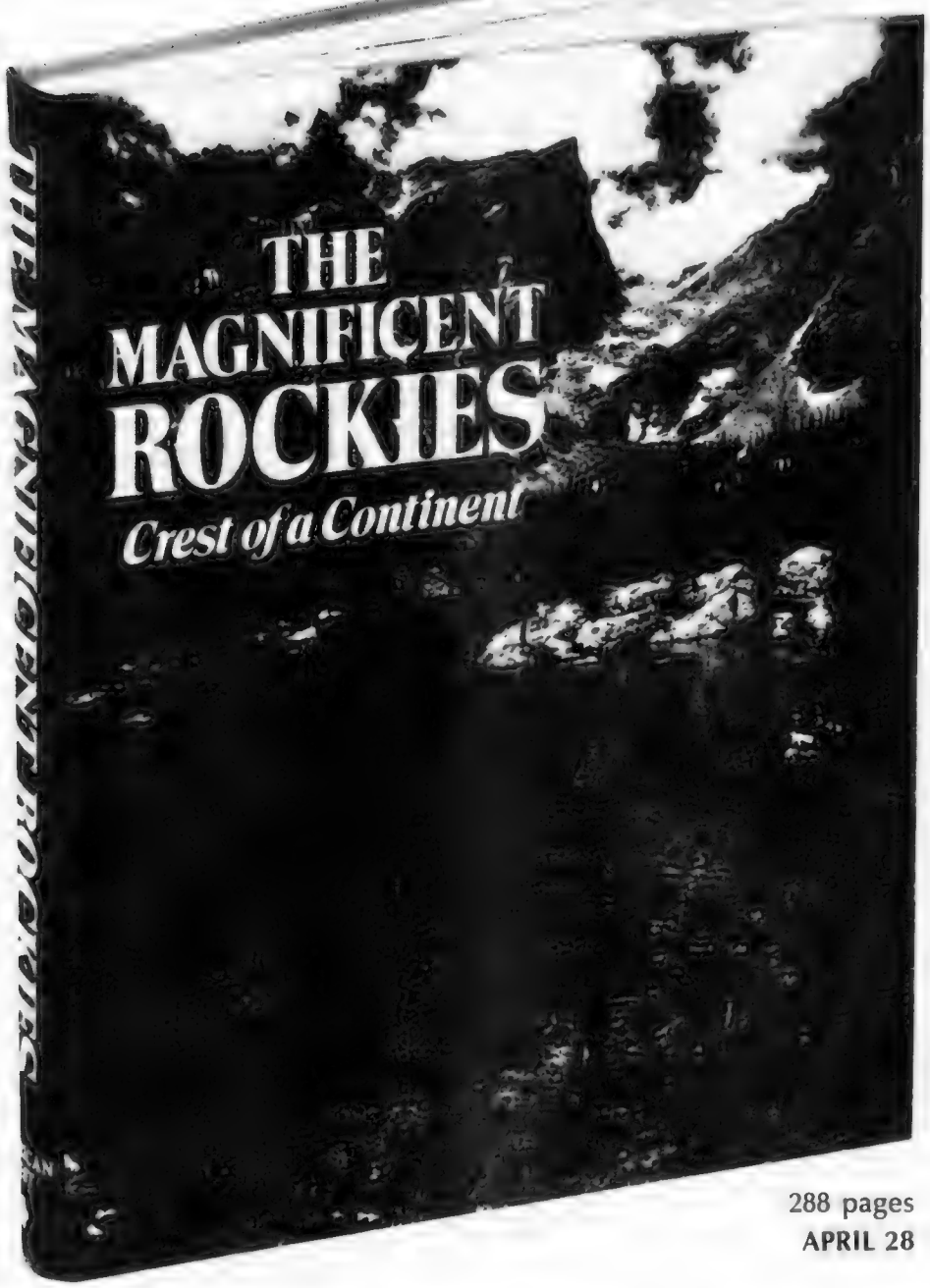

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American History in American Thought by Bert James Loewenberg *(Simon and Schuster, New York, 1972; 640 pp., biblio., notes, index $14.95).*

REVIEWED BY W. H. HUTCHINSON

TOO MANY may regard this thick volume as a work only of interest to professional historians, but in fact it demands attention from anyone with a delight in history and historians. It also is a work that just might convince those who espouse the "Now Only" theory of life and living that an individual—to say nothing of a generation—that lacks an awareness of history is thereby more deprived than would be the case through loss of memory.

Bert Loewenberg is in the tradition of Heraclitus as he examines a question that never has been answered definitively and perhaps cannot be so answered. That question is the relationship between the deeds and thoughts of the people that make the raw data of history and the writers and writings of that history, or in other words, the interweaving or cross-fertilization between history and historiography. In his brilliant examination of this question from the time of Columbus to that of Henry Adams, Loewenberg pays full attention to Turner and Parkman and to the impact of the West upon both history and historians.

Beginning with the ferment of ideas that stirred Europe in the years before the Great Discoveries, Loewenberg shows how the *first* "space age" impinged upon the consciousness of western man when these discoveries virtually doubled the extent of his small world. This is essential to the author's purpose, as is his felicitous account of what happened to western man when he and his cultural baggage arrived on the shores of North America, because the men who made the American Revolution "had historical antecedents and historical consequences." This quoted phrase sets the driving tone of the whole work: the hard fact that while we may be willing or unwilling, witting or unwitting products of our history, we also are the creators of history that will affect, perhaps even shape, the future continuity of the generations.

The inescapable reaction between historical antecedents and historical consequences seldom has been so deftly presented that readers may actually enjoy the workings of a cultured and a cultivated mind as it explores the salient aspects of American history: namely, that while other nations were the products of their history, the United States had to create its own. That this was and remains a distinctive history is firmly stated by Loewenberg: "A nation dedicated to the proposition that all men were created equal was a historical novelty," that "American nationalism was rooted in humanity not in geography," and that "the great American contribution was to translate the ideal goals of humanity into possible goals." It is the supreme achievement of this book that it makes the past relevant, the present meaningful, and the future welcome to the reader who can profit from its perusal again and yet again.

W. H. Hutchinson, *professor of history at California State University, Chico, is a contributing editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST *and author of* Oil, Land and Politics, *among other works.*

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Forthcoming in THE AMERICAN WEST

Tantalizing similarities exist between the topography, climate, and native cultures of desert areas in the American West and those on the faraway Arabian Peninsula. The historical development of the two regions, however, has had both significant parallels and important differences, and in **The Great Arabian Desert** Lawrence R. Murphy discusses the effect that such comparisons may have on long-accepted theories of American frontier development.

Early one morning in 1911 a car backed up to an old Civil War howitzer in a park in El Paso, Texas, and a few minutes later drove off toward the border—and the Mexican Revolution—with the trophy tied to its rear bumper. In **The Blue Whistler** Martin Cole relates the saga of the cannon that fought in two wars and under three flags.

Some of the most significant explorations of the Old West were by-products of commercial enterprise. Clarence P. Socwell narrates the story of a Hudson's Bay trader whose life-long quest for adventure led to notable achievements in both fields, in **Peter Skene Ogden: Fur Trader Extraordinaire.**

In 1880 the bustling community of Leadville, Colorado, was a boom-town that could only be described in superlatives. But even real-life drama on the mining frontier paled in comparison to the sensational stories—believable and unbelievable—that were reported by the city editor of the *Leadville Chronicle*. In **The Fantastic World of Orth Stein,** Donald E. Bower recalls the colorful life of the journalist who has been called the Jules Verne of the Old West.

For more than forty years the harvest fields of the Great Plains were ruled by an army of slow-moving, fire-belching, steam-operated tractors. Although only a few of these giants survive today in museum collections, they are remembered with affection by Art Fee, who recreates their days of glory through historic photos in **Monsters That Changed the West.**

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Ed Holm

Echoes of the Past: New Mexico's Ghost Towns by Patricia F. Meleski with photographs by R. P. Meleski *(University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1972; 254 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $15.00).*

Sensitive photographs, an interesting text, and dignified design make this book-tour of forty-three old mining camps and other short-lived settlements in New Mexico one of the handsomest volumes of the ghost-town genre. Simple maps detailing routes to the towns enhance the guide's usefulness for weekend explorers.

Utah's Heritage by S. George Ellsworth *(Peregrine Smith, Salt Lake City, 1972; 510 pp., illus., maps, index, $12.00).*

Although primarily intended for use in schools, this well-illustrated (with over five hundred photographs) book will also be of interest to the general reader wanting a good basic narrative of Utah's historical development.

The Mystic Warriors of the Plains by Thomas E. Mails *(Doubleday, New York, 1972; 618 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $25.00).*

This big, ambitious volume—illustrated with more than one thousand drawings by the author—explores the social customs, government, religion, arts and crafts, and daily life-style of the Plains Indians at the height of their cultural development during the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Historical Atlas of Kansas by Homer E. Socolofsky and Huber Self *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1972; 176 pp., maps, biblio., index, $5.95 cloth, $3.95 paper).*

Some seventy simple but informative full-page maps, with accompanying texts, provide data at a glance on every significant aspect of the geography, exploration, development, and resources of the territory and state of Kansas.

COURTHOUSE COUPS D'ETAT

(Continued from page 37)

records and that he intended to do his duty, come what may. The defenders hesitated. The man they had looked to for leadership was no longer in the room. Another man left to consult with the sheriff and did not return. Gradually the spirit of resistance vanished, and the Grand Rapids defenders left the courthouse.

With the local men out of the way, the LaMoure group went to work in earnest. Desks and chairs were loaded onto the wagons, and the safes from the offices of treasurer and clerk followed. By five-thirty that morning the moving crew was finally ready to leave Grand Rapids.

At the same time that the men of LaMoure were collecting their spoils at Grand Rapids, a man named Al Franks was driving—at "breakneck speed," according to one contemporary record—from Jamestown to Grand Rapids. In his pocket was an injunction issued earlier that evening at Jamestown by a judge named William H. Francis. The injunction was a restraining order to prohibit removal of county records or other property from Grand Rapids until a further order of the court. This was to allow Grand Rapids time for a court appeal on the legality of the election. When Franks arrived at Grand Rapids, he found that the county records had just left. Barely pausing for breath, he hurried on to LaMoure, arriving just before the more heavily-laden removal party.

At eight o'clock Franks found Ellis and served him with the injunction. Chairman Ellis, however, saw no need for any further action since the records had already left Grand Rapids. Besides, LaMoure had been declared to be the county seat.

A hearing on the controversy was scheduled for November 26 at Bismarck. At this time Judge Francis declined to hear any arguments regarding the challenged election. Instead, he ordered that all county records be taken back to Grand Rapids within one week and directed Chairman John D. Ellis to perform this duty or be held in contempt of court. This must be done, Judge Francis ruled, before any arguments on the merits of the case could be heard. He then scheduled December 7 for a further hearing on the case.

So the county seat was temporarily returned to Grand Rapids. However, the challenge to the election never fully materialized. When they failed to get court recognition of their evidence of election irregularities, the Grand Rapids supporters dropped their suit. Judge Francis then issued his final order in the case: ". . . said records, files, papers, documents and safes belonging to the county shall be removed to LaMoure from Grand Rapids in a peaceful and orderly manner, in the daytime, between the hours of eight in the morning and four in the afternoon, on or before the 20th day of January, 1887." This order was carried out, and the county seat was firmly settled at last at LaMoure.

If local officials and the courts had always applied the law with the persistence shown in the LaMoure case, there would have been few, if any, violent county seat wars. Indeed, the pattern of county seat wars suggests that their principal underlying cause was the absence of settled procedures for resolving such disputes. Violent and near-violent disputes occurred primarily in new counties that were experiencing rapid population growth and under conditions where state or territorial laws were applied locally with considerable varia-

tion. In these conditions of legal uncertainty, the prospects of winning the county seat by an act of force might begin to appear reasonable.

The days of the county seat wars are now happily over. The last case of violence seems to have occurred in 1910 in the short-lived county of Swanson in southwestern Oklahoma, when one man was killed in a dispute between the towns of Mountain Park and Snyder. Since that time there has apparently been nothing more turbulent than exchanges of charges and countercharges accompanying heated local elections. A raiding party upon a rival town is no longer seriously considered on those rare occasions when the issue of county seat location is raised in one of the 3,067 U.S. counties.

There may thus be some comfort in the fact that at least one kind of war has been eliminated from American society. And perhaps we might learn something more general from studying the conditions accompanying the demise of county seat wars. Could it be that here are some useful hints toward making other forms of violent conflict obsolete?

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The chief source for the Spokane county seat dispute was George W. Fuller's *History of the Pacific Northwest* (New York: Knopf, 1931). Everett Dick, in *The Sod-House Frontier, 1854–1890* (New York: Appleton-Century, 1937) describes several county seat wars, including the conflict between Elk Falls and Boston in Howard County, Kansas. Information concerning the other cases described in this article was obtained primarily from local histories and county records. Special mention should be made of the help of the state historical societies of Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, and North Dakota, in whose libraries much of the information reported in this article was found.

The incidence of county seat wars is described most fully in an article entitled "County Seat Wars: A Preliminary Analysis," written by this author for *The Journal of Conflict Resolution* (v. 14, September 1970, pp. 345–352). The article reflects especially the county-by-county survey of twelve Midwestern states.

James A. Schellenberg, *professor of sociology at Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo, is the author of a textbook* (An Introduction to Social Psychology) *and of various articles in the fields of social psychology and social conflict.*

MYSTERY MAN OF QUATSINO SOUND

(Continued from page 16)

Sharp was dead. What probably happened during the night is recorded in documents in the British Columbia provincial archives that describe the official investigation called by the provincial attorney general, W. H. Bowser.

Oscar W. Henry, Sharp's handyman, arrived at the cabin in time to make supper for the men. Henry testified at the inquiry that after supper the two visitors went into a back bedroom. At five-thirty the next morning he was awakened by the sounds of a fight.

"I went in," Henry said, "and saw Sharp lying on the bed. The stranger Edmunson had a hold of Sharp and was hitting him in the face with his hand saying, 'I'll kill you! I'll kill you!' " Henry said Edmunson repeatedly beat Sharp around the head with the butt of a shotgun until the old man was unconscious. Henry hurried off to get help.

Tom Illstad arrived shortly after, and in *Century to Adventure* he recounts: "I went inside. I heard a groan and looked toward the old man's bunk. After my eyes became accustomed to the dimness in the room I saw Sharp stretched out on it. He was an awful sight. His face was covered with blood, and his white hair and whiskers were matted with it."

Illstad crossed the room and asked, "What happened?"
"Go and get me some whiskey," the old man mumbled.

"Who hit you?" Illstad asked. "A heavy iron poker that he used for his fire was on the floor beside the bed. It was covered with blood. He did not answer but repeated his demand for whiskey. I was unable to get whiskey for him, so I went off as fast as I could for assistance for him. I told several men and they went to his house."

Quatsino constable Tobias "Tom" Sorenson was on hand the next morning and swore under oath that Sharp's wounds appeared to be superficial and warranted no charges against the two men who, by this time, had fled.

Later that day, Sharp died.

Edmunson and his companion were aboard the *Tees* soon after Sharp's death and, on arriving in Victoria, stayed at the Dominion Hotel long enough to meet Senator Isaac H. Bingham, a timber dealer and railway executive. The following day they took a boat for Portland and were not seen again.

A warrant was later issued by the Victoria detachment of the provincial police for the arrest of Edmunson. Constable Arthur Carter, who was sent to Coal Harbour to investigate the murder, told Superintendent F. S. Hussey that he felt there was sufficient evidence to convict Sharp's assailant. Edmunson, however, was long gone, and the case died.

So at seventy-four, Sharp and Quantrill were finally dead. That they were in fact the same man might never have come to light if Duffy had not been lured to Quatsino Sound by the virgin timber or if the reporter for the *Colonist* had not written his story. There are many who will say Quantrill got his just rewards; there are others who will argue he was only a soldier following orders. Whatever one may feel about this, however, the facts appear to be that William Clarke Quantrill received an additional forty years of life beyond the day he was supposed to have died in a muddy Kentucky barnyard.

Jon McDermott *is a freelance journalist with a background as a newspaper reporter and editor, and as a television producer and documentarian for the Canadian Broadcasting Company. He is presently completing a book on the Canadian naval role in the Pacific.*

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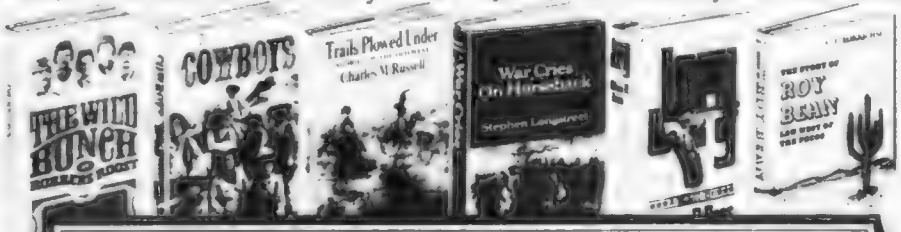

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Form, light, and shadow combine in a timeless photograph of St. Francis Church, Taos, New Mexico, by Merg Ross.